Saturday Review

December 19, 1970 50¢

Visions of a New Religion
by Marcia Cavell

Israel and the Christian Shrines
by Harry Golden

The Artist as Teacher
by Bradley Morison

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Saturday Review

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Visions of a New Religion

by Marcia Cavell

Cover photo: Stained glass, Austrian, ca. 1380, "The Annunciation," from the Schlosskapelle Ebreichsdorf, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Cloisters Collection, purchase 1936

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(Advertisement)

A man who can still make us laugh after thirty years of reporting our times is a good man to have around.

Jack Smith's own explanation of how he does it is characteristically disarming: "My trouble is that I don't know the inside of anything. I've been trapped in a number of institutions in my day, but I could never figure out what was going on. I ought to know something about the newspaper business—the real inside. The truth is, take me fifty feet away from the city desk and I'm in Oz."

Fans of his *Los Angeles Times* column and of his first book, *Three Coins in the Birdbath*, have other explanations. My favorite appeared in the *Columbus, Ohio Dispatch*: "Optimistically he shores up the creaking joints of time and makes them work." Richard Armour puts it this way: "Smith is very funny, but he also arouses our sympathy. For if Smith is a square in a round world, so are most of us. His frustrations, his little joys, his big dreams, are also ours." The line we put on the jacket of his new book, SMITH ON WRY, suggests another reason why Jack Smith wears so well. "Witty reports on our times from a man who will never be folded, spindled, or mutilated," it says.

After dipping into SMITH ON WRY, I am the richer for getting to know the family, animals, and total strangers who pass through Jack Smith's living room. And I am the merrier for sharing his adventures in the great world outside (where hippies, bellydancers, and landlords roam) and in his backyard, where neighbor Dalton emerges as one of today's genuinely comic figures. I have my favorites among his escapades, such as a traditional bird count the morning after New Year's Eve, or breaking into the Colonel Bogie March to drown the humming in one's head. You'll have yours.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Tour of Duty

IN THE EARLY Roman army, freemen of the lowest draftable rank were called *accensi*. Too poor to supply themselves with arms or even uniforms, the *accensi* reported for service in whatever clothing they had, marched at the rear of the column, did odd jobs around the camps, and, in battle, formed behind the infantry where they waited for someone in the forward ranks to be cut down; whereupon they picked up the swords and shields of the fallen and joined the battle.

A poet in the United States is a natural *accensus*. Along with my fellow draftees, I have long served my time in the rear rank waiting for the scientists, bureaucrats, and psycho-socio-statisticians to drop dead and let me have a chance at the action. Because I am also a columnist, I have had more chances than most *accensi* to pick up sword and lance (be damned to the shield as an encumbrance and a false safety). I must confess, however, that I never really learned to use the weapons of the first ranks, with the result that, though I have laid about me when I found my chance, I have never been able to influence the outcome of the battle.

I could tell myself, of course, that "they also serve who only stand and wait," but that, I am afraid, is a philosopher's position: good enough as abstractions go but a thin soup for the hungers of the ego. We *accensi* not only want to get into the fight; we'd like to do something decisive just once, if not going so far as to turn the tide of battle, at least laying on in a way to win an approving nod from one of the centurions, or even from the *primipilus* himself.

Somewhere between the sedations of philosophy and insomniac ego, we *accensi* do, in any case, have time to look things over. What else is there to do? There is even time for a bit of daydreaming while the front-line hackers have at it. In one of my recurring daydreams I even imagine I have turned into an analytic thinker and have come up with a better battle plan than the one I see unfolding before me, though every time I have offered my ideas to one of the centurions I have been shrugged off as a buck citizen who never so much as saw the gates of *Punctum Occidentale*.

In-group smugness be damned, I say. Professionals have their careers, but an *accensus* will have his day. I have been watching a centurion named Spirus Agnus, who is in charge of the way-out right flank (*lateris profunde dextri centurio*), which is to say, in charge of deep right field. The man has a reputation among the legions, and I have been betting he would fall on his face if I waited long enough. Now, in this daydream, my time has come. I have stepped in and grabbed his microphone, his gizmos, and his badge of office. I am in command now, and I shall waste no time getting on with it. Mr. President, fellow citizens, now hear this:

We have been fighting this thing badly. We are hung up on a mad diversion in Asia, we have been trying to hang on to a *denarius* that is swelling like a balloon and threatening to tear away in high winds, and we have taken our position inside a smog bank with no visibility, low oxygen content, and a lethal fallout. These are the three first issues of battle. There is the problem of the liberated/unliberated races, and I do not mean to slight it, but none of us wants to be equalized dead. We must survive if we are to do ourselves any good. In federalese, therefore, I assign the race issue "concurrent urgent priority." It remains the first order of battle to get out of Vietnam, stop inflation, and see to it that all of us, of whatever color, can get a drink of drinkable water and a breath of breathable air. Let it be understood, moreover, that every issue is part of the race issue. My orders of battle follow:

1) Unless Thieu can certify the existence of a population shortage in Asia, it is hereby assumed that he has enough draftable men to make up a real army. Thieu is hereby classified a sneak: He agrees—always and only in principle and then only eventually—to take over his own defense, but his first purpose is to keep the American gravy train running. All he needs for the next five or six years (from any given date) is more time to train his boys and to build an officer corps for them. He is hereby given six months from date to get his boys through basic training. Until his OCS program catches up, we will give him an officer corps of U.S. volunteer professionals, Thieu to provide the interpreters. Thieu will scream for an air force. We can give him a few spotter planes. What he needs is not fly-boys but bushwhackers on the order of the VC. Make Thieu understand, gentlemen, that this order is a take it or leave it. We pull out. We leave the hardware and we run the gravy train a while longer but on a reduced schedule. It's yours, Thieu, fight it or lose it.

2) The 10-cent dollar must not become the 2-cent dollar. Hiking the interest rates to 18 per cent by drying up the money supply while prices and wages go up in increments of 30 per cent to 100 per cent is a formula for disaster that must be visible even to the hicks who elected the high command. Within one week I want a detailed index of prices and wages as of April 1, 1969. Effective thirty days from date of publication, all increases over the April 1 index will be taxed at 104 per cent. The index is to be keyed to hourly rates and unit prices, not to total income. A board of review will consider tax forgiveness for normal seniority increments above the A-1-I (you see, I can speak the lingo, gentlemen), but the exceptions will be few and small. The point is not to print more dollars with which to buy less but to establish a dollar that will buy something.

3) The billions no longer flushed into Asia, and the power of the stabilized dollar, are to be spent on a monumental program to build housing, schools, and public service centers, and to clean the earth, the water, and the air. The aim is total employment—employment on the scale of a major war

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effort—in building trades, in the manufacture of planet scrubbing systems, and in laundering the environment. NASA's budget is hereby cut to 6 per cent of the 1969 appropriation. The new technical aristocracy is to be made up of ecologists and their technicians. Appropriate, which is to say enormous, educational programs will prepare all comers to take their places in the new aristocracy.

(I don't know what will happen to the poets. I don't know whether or not the *accensi* were allowed to keep the arms they picked up in battle, being promoted with them into the forward ranks. And I repeat I am not used to flailing about with these clatter-bangs I picked up from Spirus Agnus. Besides, I am happy to note, he wasn't knocked off but only out. He'll be coming to before long—he always does—and he'll be wanting his thumpers back. I guess I will have to leave them here beside him—as soon as I sum up—and get back where I belong.)

You have your orders, gentlemen. Hop to it and . . . uh . . . good luck. (Oh, star luck and the luck of the hope of man to you!) Good-bye, gentlemen.

. . . Hello, boys. Anyone for rattling a few iambs back here?

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MENTOR

Chess Corner No. 158

In 1824 an English captain, W. Evans, created the Evans Gambit. It was an offshoot of the Giuoco Piano, popular in those days, and implicit in its foundation, 5 P-QN4, was the dynamic surge of accelerated development and center control, at the cost of a pawn.

Nowadays, the professional chess player is supposed to be endowed with the killer's instinct, and he may reject out of hand any unappetizing offer, no matter its solvency. Then, a namby-pamby conformation prevailed, and it was considered ungentlemanly to decline a gambit.

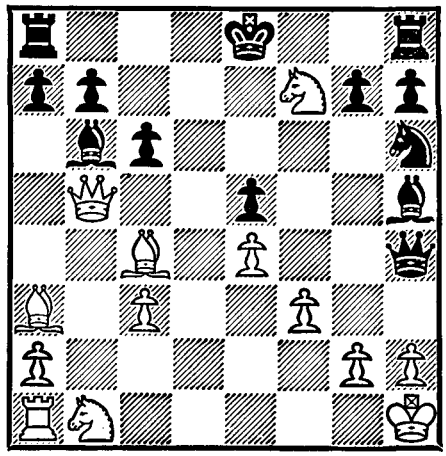
The appended coruscating gem is of historical value. It is the first presentation of the idea in London, nearly a century and a half ago. In the duration, the debut has been a constant source of experimentation with the pros and cons of theory swinging as the pendulum.

Today the opening is refined. It goes 1 P-K4, P-K4; 2 N-KB3, N-QB3; 3 B-B4, B-B4; 4 P-QN4—sharper by transposition. In the game, after 16 NxBP, if 17 . . . BxN; 18 BxBch, NxB; 19 Q-K6ch, etc. Or if 17 . . . NxN; 18 B-N5ch, P-B3; 19 Q-K6ch, etc.

Evans Gambit

Capt. Evans	A. MacDonnell	Capt. Evans	A. MacDonnell
White	**Black**	**White**	**Black**
1 P-K4	P-K4	9 N-N5	N-Q1
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	10 PxP	PxP
3 B-B4	B-B4	11 B-R3	N-R3
4 0-0	P-Q3	12 P-B3	B-N3ch
5 P-QN4	BxP	13 K-R1	B-KR4
6 P-B3	B-R4	14 R-Q1	Q-B1
7 P-Q4	B-KN5	15 RxNch	QxR
8 Q-N3	Q-Q2	16 NxBP	Q-R5

17 Q-N5ch P-B3



White mates in three.

18 QxKPch K-Q2
19 Q-K6ch K-B2
20 B-Q6 Mate

—Al Horowitz.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Retrogress Report

HERE I COME with another account of how a book titled *Ladies and Gentlemen—Easy Aces* has been faring. Fair.

According to the minutes of our last meeting, the motion was made that it should be explained to all publishers that it's very difficult to buy a book in a bookshop if the bookshop doesn't have one. This motion was seconded by sixty letters that have come to this desk. These sixty seconds will be added to the minutes.

That kind of makeshift book distribution by the publishers is in violation of the established economic law of supply and demand. Even one demand should create a corresponding ripple of supply.

But this offhand method of stocking bookshops is not new. In her book *A Pillar of Iron*, Taylor Caldwell relates that Marcus Tullius Cicero (Rome, 106-43 B.C.), lawyer, statesman, and author, had the same problem with his publisher, identified by Miss Caldwell as "one Atticus." Marcus complained to Atticus that he had not discovered his last volume of essays in certain bookshops. Atticus Doubleday?

However, a book that is faring fairly, I am told by those high in the respected and nefarious business of publishing books, is good news. The reason for that, they explained, is simple and complex. A book, they said, that is faring better than fair these days must deal with one of two subjects: the making of 1) a President, or 2) a virgin. Especially 2).

Wishing to appear helpful in the promotion of sales for *L. and G.—E. A.*, I phoned the publisher and suggested that most readers of books dealing with boy and girl stuff, or any combination thereof, are more than likely hiding their pornographic books inside more respectable books. This cover-up is a throwback to the days when readers of what was then considered the risqué *Police Gazette* furtively hid it behind a copy of the clean-scrubbed *The Saturday Evening Post*.

And what could be more respectable, I argued, than my book? So clean, it should include a caution to keep it away from the children. I told him that this ploy of selling a copy of my book, behind which readers could hide their sex books, would send our sales skyrocketing. . . . Hello? . . . Hello? . . .

Oh, well, that's Doubleday. Doubleday is anti-ploy, no matter how ingenious. Doubleday published my book. But there is little or no proof of that. Judging from those sixty letters, would-be purchasers of my book have been told in bookshops across the country, 1) "We don't have it." 2) "There is no such." 3) "Have you read *All You Want to Know About?*"

One pleasant thing: Doubleday has been mailing me reviews of the book, and they have been whelmingly favorable for a book that brings to memory a program from what are euphemistically known as the "golden days of radio." If I were to write my own objective review: "The book will make you laugh. The little recording inside the cover will make you remember. Both will make you remember how to laugh." A commodity in short supply in the media these days.

Doubleday suggested it would make a nice gift for Santa Claus to drop down the chimney of a friend. Doubleday still believes Santa Claus comes down chimneys. Ha ha. It's not that I don't believe in Santa Claus, Virginia, I don't believe in chimneys. Santa drops things off at department stores, and toy stores, and jewelry stores, and even bookshops, if publishers would only supply Santa with the books.

I've always thought an old gentleman in a red suit and a stocking cap, driving laughingly around all night in all that snow at a speed faster than sound, had to be a little crackers. Unless this year he's been reading gift copies of *Ladies and Gentlemen—Easy Aces*, which would explain all that ho-ho-hoing.

That would make a good one-minute TV commercial if a publisher wanted to help along any fairly selling book. But Doubleday and Company has bigger irons in the fire. A recent page 1 story in *The New York Times* reported that Doubleday contracted a Russian journalist, Yevgeny Ryabchikov, to write a book titled *The Soviet Spacemen*, the story of the Soviet space program from Sputnik to the present. It will be 570 pages, including 150 pages of photographs. This is a historic breakthrough that could lead to binding international copyright agreements for the first time with the U.S.S.R.

So far, so good. But, worrier me, I visualize the day Yevgeny Ryabchikov, after he spells his name to the secretary up there, asks how his book is faring, and the publisher says, "Fair." Boom! World War III.

'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Prospects for a Prosperous New Year

Jovial Jan. and frivolous Feb.
Arrive with their sniffles and sneezes.
    March comes around
    With its vaporized sound
Of rhonchial tonsils and bronchial wheezes.

April's sweet showers are great for the flowers
But hell on the pelvis arthritic;
    And May, on the wing
    With her fevers of spring,
Lays you out on the couch analytic.

June and her roses play havoc with noses,
And ditto with larynx allergic;
    And jolly July
    With her poisonous i-
Vy defies all your curses non-clergic.

And now, amigitos, comes Aug. with mosquitos—
(Oh heaven knows where she has kept 'em)
    And Aug. turns to Sept.
    With her weeds still unswept,
And Sept. goes to work on your septum.

Oct! is the sober sad cry for October
When psyches are fragile as tree leaves;
    They see thru the soot
    That our fortunes, dear Brut-
Us, are not in the stars but the tea leaves.

Neurotic November creeps into December
With chill blains, depression, and flu. . . .
    But the spirit says, "Blast
    It! It's Christmas at last,
And a Happy New Year to you!"

—E. Y. Harburg.

People Who

One of the blessings of this land of ours is that no matter where you go or what you do, there is always someone you can look down on.

People who wear white collars look down on people who wear blue collars.

People who wear blue collars look down on people who wear white collars but don't make as much money as people who wear blue collars.

People who are trying to stop drinking look down on people who are trying to stop smoking.

People who have stopped smoking look down on people who are trying to stop smoking.

People who like kosher food look down on people who were raised on kosher food.

People who drink their coffee black look down on people who use sugar and cream.

People who have seen all of Greta Garbo's movies look down on people who have seen all of Dorothy Lamour's.

People who say "films" look down on people who say "movies."

People who have a dog that has won first prize look down on people who have a cat that has won first prize.

People who have migraine headaches look down on people who have lumbago.

People who have their own billiard cues look down on people who have their own bowling balls.

People who like their steak rare look down on people who order steak well-done.

People who have families that came from San Francisco before the fire look down on people who have families that went to San Francisco after the fire.

People who are opposed to additives look down on people who are opposed to fluoridation.

People who sleep in campers look down on people who sleep in motels.

People who sleep in sleeping bags look down on people who sleep in campers.

People who have a great-grandfather who was hanged look down on people who don't know what happened to theirs.

People who use horseradish look down on people who use ketchup.

People who try to save money on clothes look down on people who try to save money on liquor.

People who get a ticket for going ninety look down on people who get a ticket for going fifty.

People who write books about Democrats look down on people who write books about Republicans.

People who write books about Republicans look down on people who write book reviews.

People who are one-eighth Indian look down on people who are one-eighth anything else.

People who order strawberry shortcake for dessert look down on people who ask if it's included in the dinner.

—Will Stanton.

Mass Communication

I have yet to see a church bulletin that would win any journalistic laurels; they're just not put together with the Pulitzer Prize in mind. Their primary purpose is to inform, and that's what ours was trying its very best to do on August 9 last summer.

One of the liberalizing changes in our church is the option of attending special Masses on Saturday evening

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instead of on Sunday, to fulfill the Sunday obligation of hearing Mass. Similarly, we may also attend an evening Mass the day before a holy day to fulfill our obligation to attend the Mass of the holy day. Consider now that August 15 this year was a holy day. It was also Saturday, and, the next day being Sunday, this produced a superhuman effort on the part of our pastor to try to explain what to do if we wanted to fulfill both obligations by going to the new "anticipatory" Masses.

Our instructions in the church bulletin went something like this:

If you wish to fulfill your Mass obligations for Sunday and the holy day this week by attending Masses on the preceding evening, you may go Friday evening to the 6 p.m. or the 8 p.m. Mass for the Saturday holy day. For the Sunday obligation you may go Saturday evening at 7 p.m. only. (That will be the only Saturday Mass using the Sunday liturgy.) Or, you may go on Saturday for the holy day and on Sunday for Sunday. You may also go on Saturday for Saturday—except at 7 p.m., which will be Sunday's Mass—and on Saturday at 7 p.m. for Sunday, in which case you won't have to go on Sunday at all. You may also go on Friday for Saturday and on Sunday for Sunday, which means you won't have to go on Saturday at all.

If you're planning on going to communion, you may go on Friday for Saturday; but you may not then go on Saturday for Saturday unless you go to the 7 p.m. Mass on Saturday for Sunday. If you go to communion on Saturday for Saturday, you may go again at 7 p.m. if you are attending that Mass for Sunday. You may also go to communion on Friday for Saturday and on Saturday at 7 p.m. for Sunday. If you go to communion on Friday morning for the regular daily Mass, you may also go on Friday evening for Saturday and again on Saturday evening at 7 p.m. for Sunday. If you do the latter, you cannot go to communion on Sunday morning for Sunday unless, of course, you're going to Sunday Mass on Sunday.

You will note, on reading the Saturday schedule of Masses, that we have eliminated the 6 p.m. Mass for Sunday, which usually gives you a second opportunity on Saturday evening to fulfill the Sunday obligation. The 6 p.m. Mass scheduled this Saturday will fulfill only the Saturday obligation.

We will resume the regular schedule next week.

The Vatican's recent instructions discouraging further innovations have come none too soon for some of us.

—CONSTANCE MELARO.

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

As one of the great tour leaders of our time—in fact, we ourselves cast the deciding vote—we were the obvious choice to lead a "Communications Media Study Group" for a ten-day tour of Israel. Our fellow pilgrims ranged from Harry Steinberg of the American Zionist Federation to Raymond Hurlbert, general manager of the Alabama Educational TV Commission. We set the tone early, bearding Lee Anderson of the Chattanooga *News-Free Press* on the placement of his hyphen. "You know," he said affably, "only two people have ever made fun of that." Now, we said sternly, there are three. Arriving in Israel, we were greeted by adviser Dan Leon. He told the story of a previous tour—of a TV man who was always late and was finally located one day, an hour past departure time, up in his room in front of the mirror talking into a microphone. On hearing this story, we realized that our leadership was still too democratic. Immediately we announced that stragglers would be, on first offense, left behind; on second, shot. One of the people we will miss most is the late Shirley Miller, of the Dallas *Morning News*. But, after all, rules are rules.

During the first of many long bus rides, our guide Yehuda Guy explained that the Arabs have no "p" in their vocabulary. "No wonder," said Mutual's Don Blair, "this bus never stops."

David Brinegar of the *Arizona Daily Star* constantly compared everything to his beloved Tucson. The movie *David and Bathsheba*, he reminded us, was shot not in Israel but in Arizona. Touring the Golan Heights, James Clendinen, of the Tampa *Tribune*, stopped. "Is that," he cracked, "a real bunker or a restoration?" But it was clear the group was moved—not only by Israeli might, but, more important, by Israeli right. Jack Scott, editor of the Lafayette (Indiana) *Journal and Courier*, joined the group direct from Cairo and Lebanon. In Cairo he found the man in the street hostile to the Israelis but surprisingly friendly to the Americans and surprisingly hostile to the Russians. He also found tourism suffering terribly. On a trip to the Pyramids he was, he noted, the only visitor. In Beirut he found not only fifty-one local papers but a large congregation of world press people. "So many of them," he told us, "seem to reflect the sympathies of the place they're in." Returning to his hotel room after a visit to a refugee camp in the company of Fatah leaders, he found a briefcase full of anti-Semitic "Fifth of June Society" material. In short order his phone rang and a British-voiced girl asked if he needed anything more. Charles Black, Jr., military editor of the Columbus (Georgia) *Enquirer*, was reminded of the famous dinner party where an American ambassador suggested that the Jews and the Arabs settle their differences "in the true spirit of Christian brotherhood."

The peerless Abba Eban warned us of "Israel's talent for exhausting visitors" —particularly, he noted, with "the full spate of our ministerial rhetoric." "All we ask of the American press," he said, "is objectivity. By objectivity, of course, I mean the uncritical acceptance of all Israeli views." Jerusalem's Mayor Teddy Kollek was next. "When I was here two-and-a-half years ago . . ." a questioner began. "My God," exclaimed Kollek, "I have to be responsible for what I said two-and-a-half years ago?" Shimon Peres, Minister of Transport and Communications and the man responsible for the Mirage plane deal with France, was questioned about dealing with de Gaulle. "The Fifth Republic," he said, "had the shortest Constitution in French history. It consisted of just two items. Item number one: The General is always right. Item number two: If the General should be wrong, see item number one."

The Israeli Army decided that only four of our group could make the trip to the Suez Canal. Drawing lots was suggested. Instead, as leader, we proposed an alternate plan. We proposed that *we* go, and then, in the spirit of true democracy, everyone *else* draw lots. Oddly, there was some dissatisfaction with this—no matter how fair a leader is, it seems, you just can't please everybody. In any case, our bus trip to the Canal from Tel Aviv was a long one—seven hours—and all of us had to sign a form that released "the State of Israel from any harm or illness which may befall." Everyone came to life as we passed Qantara—every house had been devastated by Egyptian artillery. The first view of the Canal was unforgettable. We went to the very edge. Scarcely a hundred and fifty yards away were an Egyptian officer and three soldiers. The officer turned his

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binoculars on us. We started back. An Israeli raised his binoculars. "It is," he said, "nothing." The farthest-out Israeli, standing up well out of his bunker, was an eighteen-year-old named Yachmiel. He pointed to the Egyptians. "Every night they shout," he said. What do they shout? we asked. He looked embarrassed. "It is not," he said, "how do you say 'shane' ["nice"], Understand?" We didn't, but we nodded anyway. "I want to shout back," he said, "but it is not permitted." We looked around the bunkers. The Israelis fly their flag, we said, why not the Egyptians? "Perhaps," Yachmiel said, "they are not as proud as we."

At the end of the tour we graciously distributed questionnaires so that future generations would know our followers' likes and dislikes. Reg Murphy of the Atlanta *Constitution* had no complaints at all—which, as he was our faithful deputy, we would not have countenanced anyway. Columnist Claude Lewis, of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, wanted "fewer people, fewer places, less bus, more free and writing time." David Hardin of the Savannah *Morning News Press* had a simple wish. "More girls," he said, "in mini-uniforms." The guides did not receive questionnaires. However, the last night guide Yohanan Schahar gave us his telephone number. At the top he had written, in large letters, "In Emergency Only."

The real final fillip was a cable received by Joel Daly, of Chicago's WLS-TV. The cable, signed by Daly's boss at ABC, Kent Smith, and marked "Urgent," read in its entirety as follows:

TIME PERMITTING SHOOT STOCK FOOTAGE JERUSALEM COMMA GALILEE TO GO WITH SONG JESUS IS A CARPENTER BY JOHNNY CASH STOP NEED FOOTAGE OF CARPENTERS SAW AND HAMMER COMMA COUNTRYSIDE COMMA HOMES COMMA CARPENTER WORKING COMMA ETC STOP AND POSSIBLE CHRIST PIECE USING COUNTRYSIDE COMMA FARM COMMA ETC

A happy Hanukkah to you too, Kent

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1914)

(DICK) VAN DYKE:
FAITH, HOPE AND HILARITY

The last word on Communion comes from a four-year-old Catholic boy who told his dad what had happened in church that day:

"The Father called on some of the people to come down front, and he gave them each an Alka-Seltzer!"

WE'RE ALWAYS ANXIOUS to put up the tree in Jack Daniel's old office. When that's done, we know the holidays are here. We hope your plans are coming along too, and that you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE © 1967, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
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Saturday Review
December 19, 1970

–*From "The Art of William Blake"*

Visions of A New Religion

The pursuit of "private heavens" is leading many of today's young people to pin their faith on miracles and magic.

by MARCIA CAVELL

The temper of the times is apocalyptic. Many of the young—and they are not alone—feel that the West is all but finished. Some of them are anxious to hurry it along. Others simply prepare to get out from under. They are convinced that what society needs is not piecemeal changes, a little more or a little less compromise, some adjustments within the human condition, but a new heaven and a new earth, and that these will come only when the old order has passed away.

Students—many of them—are poised between total despair and a visionary hope, sharing an ideology that is simultaneously religious, in a funny way, and political. In fact, if there is a new religious sensibility, what is special about it may be that it is hardly different from what we recognize as a new political sensibility. Traditionally, prayer and revolution have been the mutually exclusive commitments open to someone aware that something was profoundly wrong in his world. In the West and in the East, the established church has been the enemy of any kind of social reform. This has been the case not only because religious institutions, like any others, tend to get "bought" by the powers that be but also because the priest and the rebel are turned toward ideologically different poles. Religion counsels us to look within for the source of our discontent, while revolution looks outward to a fundamental change in what it conceives of as an unusually repressive social system.

In the West, the church has exhorted us to seek our salvation, a matter in large part of acknowledging that we are somehow wrong in the very origin or center of our being. The revolutionary, on the other hand, speaks a language of liberation, implying that something's got to come down, and that the person to be liberated is basically sound but misused and victimized, perhaps without being aware that he is. (Women's Liberation, like some other radical movements, focuses a good amount of its energy on "consciousness-raising" groups, designed to bring their members to an awareness of the extent to which they have been and are being exploited.) What is new is that activities and concerns that by any previous criteria can only be called religious have seemingly rejected the language of religion for the language of politics. And "the revolution" defines the changes it wants to effect in language that signifies a kind of religious awareness. (Perhaps I should make clear that when I speak here of students or the young, I certainly don't mean to refer to all of them. No generalizations of that sort can be made. Many students are neither religious nor political; many more who are have interests and commitments that are quite traditional. But there are a significant number of young people who do share a set of attitudes that before have been held only by isolated individuals here and there. And it is this fact that leads me to speak of a new ideology.)

In our time, psychoanalysis has offered a third kind of diagnosis of, and solution for, human suffering, though, in its more traditional forms, psychoanalytic theory makes a point of insisting that suffering can never be eliminated entirely and that, to an extent, it is an essential part of growth. Some contemporary movements in psychiatry and psychology are making more visionary claims, and are coming to take on overtones that are religious or political, and sometimes both. The so-called human potential movement, which includes such figures as Herbert Otto, Carl Rogers, and the late Abraham Maslow, argues that the *healthy* human being functions at perhaps 5 per cent of his potential. The goal of therapy, as they see it, has little to do with "illness" and "cure," and everything to do with stretching human consciousness toward what can only be called, by reference to "normal" experience, a transcendent limit. Maslow spoke of what he called "the peak experience," in explicitly religious terms, as a revelation of "the sacred."

One of the bibles of today's college radicals is a book about schizophrenia by the British psychiatrist R. D. Laing in which he argues that the visions of the "madman" in our alienated society may not be a distortion of reality at all, but an epiphany. Entitled *The Politics of Experience*, it echoes Timothy Leary's earlier *The Politics of Ecstasy*. In fact, Leary's famous advice to the young some years ago to turn on and drop out was a distorted epigram for the religious experience; it was simultaneously an attack on a society in which he thought it not worth anybody's efforts to remain.

A student revolutionary now may be "into" yoga, community day-care proj-

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ects, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, encounter groups, drugs, and the "liberation" of ROTC buildings—or at least some perplexing combination of these. Religion and politics are often for him two aspects of the same vision. As for his elders, in recent years members of both the Protestant and Catholic clergies have begun to leave the sanctuary of the church for political protest. Such men as William Sloane Coffin, Daniel Berrigan (the Catholic priest who after burning draft files went underground), and Ivan Illich (ordained a priest, now considered a heretic by the Catholic Church, and the head of an iconoclastic institution in Mexico) would have been regarded as unique individuals ten or fifteen years ago. Today they represent constituencies. The lambs and the lions are not lying down together, but some of them have joined hands.

In his utopian essay *On Liberation*, Herbert Marcuse writes:

> The new sensibility . . . emerges in the struggle against violation and exploitation where this struggle is waged for essentially new ways and forms of life: negation of the entire Establishment [and] affirmation of the right to build a society in which the abolition of poverty and toil terminates in a universe where the sensuous, the playful, the calm, and the beautiful become forms of existence and thereby the form of society itself. . . . The new society will be one where the hatred of the young bursts into laughter and song, mixing the barricade and the dance floor, love play and heroism.

This sounds like the Old Testament ("Make a joyful noise unto the Lord") rather than Marx. It is an ecstatic vision more appropriate to the way we think about Revelation than revolution. But Marcuse's point is that this is a false antithesis. The revolution that he and many other political visionaries are talking about is one that will turn inside out our very conception of reality. Despite differences on other grounds, the major religions have always been united in the conviction that what we take to be reality —the body, physical possessions, all the things with which we falsely and hopelessly try to identify ourselves—is illusion; that we mistake the sum of our universe for its substance; and that when we become "blind" to this world, considered as possession and limitation, we will begin to "see." It is this kind of revelation that Marcuse is after. For we are, in his analysis, repressed by a conception of reality that isn't "true," but is merely the reflection of the particular needs of a particular socio-economic system; deprived of joy by an ethic that falsely opposes work to play and an economy in which "planned obsolescence" makes of work itself a farce; deprived even of our minds by an idea of mind that falsely sets reason against fantasy and imagination, and in the name of an objectivity that leads us to forget that only insofar as we are *subjects* are we human. Years ago Paul Goodman wrote that in this society we grow up absurd, into a social reality that doesn't address our needs for privacy, for communion, for a sense of our value and that of others. Students speak of "getting it together"; psychiatrists and everybody else of "alienation." Theodore Roszak writes, in *The Making of a Counterculture*:

> This . . . is the primary object of our counterculture: to proclaim a new heaven and earth so vast, so marvelous that the inordinate claims of technical expertise must of necessity withdraw in the presence of such splendor to a subordinate and marginal status in the lives of men. . . . We must be prepared to entertain the astonishing claim men like Blake lay before us: that there are eyes which see the world not as commonplace sight or scientific scrutiny sees it, but see it transformed, made lustrous beyond measure, and in seeing the world so, see it as it really is. . . .

On the surface, political rebellion now is directed toward ending the war in Southeast Asia and the various economic and political evils at home. These goals can be talked about in purely political terms. But what "the revolution" is after is a far more profound transformation. The liberation that the spokesmen for the New Left and for the new theology speak about will celebrate illusion—defined as all that which the notion of rationality in our culture leaves out—feeling, fantasy, and dream—as the true reality. It will reunite what we say with what we think and do, feeling with thought, unreason with reason, mind with body, us with ourselves and each other. It will join us in genuine community. There will no longer be rumors of angels (to borrow a phrase from Peter Berger), for they will be among us, and we shall be they.

This aspect of religion as celebration and play, the Divine Comedy, Christ as the Fool of God rather than the Tragic Hero, is the theme of many of the most interesting books in theology published not only in America but elsewhere in recent years. Robert Neale's *In Praise of Play* remarks on the fact that the root of "illusion" is *"ludere,"* meaning "to play," which Neale defines as the full and easy use of all our capacities as human beings—"play" in something like the sense that we speak of *the play* of water in a fountain and of ourselves as *playing* musical instruments. (The slang expressions "groove" and "grooving" perfectly express this sense of grace, of a fitting into what one is doing.)

Harvey Cox opens his latest book, *A Feast of Fools*, by quoting the lovely lines of W. H. Auden:

> I know nothing, except what everyone knows—if there when Grace dances, I should dance.

Contemporary Western culture, Cox argues, has deprived man of two of the elements most vital to him as a human being: celebration and festivity. And celebration, he has written, "requires a set of common memories and

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collective hopes. It requires, in short, what is usually thought of as religion."

Hugo Rahner's *Man at Play*, Roger Caillois's *Man and the Sacred*, Wolfgang Zucker's *The Clown as the Lord of Disorder*, Sam Keen's *Apology for Wonder*, and Johan Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* ("Man the Player") all make similar points. In losing our capacity for play and in devaluing our imaginations, we have in a very important sense lost ourselves. The death of God in our world is the death of our capacity to experience the world in a godlike way: with the full release of our creative powers, valuing our experience of people and of things for their own sakes, with that sense of ease and timelessness we have when for the moment we are set free from anxiety and self-preoccupation. (Part of the reason why so many of the young have rejected their own religious tradition is that Protestantism as we have known it in America has been anything but playful. On the contrary, it has stood for all those values the radical sensibility identifies as false and oppressive. Festivity and celebration are not new elements in Christianity, but they are new emphases.)

The revolutionary imagination now, whether secular or non-secular, is identified by its pursuit of play, and for this very reason many phenomena of the "counterculture" not only are expressive of esthetic preference but are an integral part of that pursuit: its manner of dress (the hippie as court jester, protest-ant, and play-er), its music (rock, soul, country-and-Western—even the names suggest a recovery of innocence), the happenings and flower children of several years ago, the love-ins and be-ins more recently; its experiments with drugs, with encounter and sensitivity groups, with communes and more "playful" alternatives to marriage. But these are all expressions of the lighter side of the apocalyptic spirit. There are other phenomena, other voices—perversions, misunderstandings of the revolutionary ideology perhaps—but nevertheless indicative of a direction that many young people, students, and "street children" are taking. Unfortunately, the idea that feeling and fantasy are an undeniable and often enriching part of human experience has been perverted into the idea that whatever someone thinks he feels, he feels. And the Marcusean critique of Western rationality as enshrining an ideal of objectivity appropriate to objects and not to people becomes a contempt for reason per se.

For many students, the irrationality of a belief or practice is a measure of its value. It is perhaps the case that Tarot cards, the *I Ching*, astrology, magic, and the occult in general bespeak a wisdom that the West has—to its own loss—ignored. But I have the feeling that what accounts for the extraordinary sales of such books in youth communities across the nation is a combination of hope and a curiosity about the irrational for its own sake that this generation as no other for a long time has felt free to indulge. At a deeper level, it is undoubtedly yet another expression of their overwhelming fear and sense of alienation.

In *The Wretched of the Earth*, Frantz Fanon wrote:

> The atmosphere of myth and magic frightens me and so takes on an undoubted reality! By terrifying me, it integrates me into the traditions of and the history of my district or tribe, and at the same time it reassures me. It gives me a status, as it were an identification paper. . . .
>
> The supernatural, magical powers reveal themselves as essentially personal; the settlers' powers are infinitely shrunken, stamped with their alien origins. We no longer really need to fight against them since what counts is the frightening enemy created by myths. We perceive that all is settled by a permanent confrontation on the phantasmic plane.

When the *East Village Other* informed its readers in 1967 that the central event of the Washington demonstrations was to be an exorcism of the Pentagon by warlocks who were to "cast mighty words of white light against the demon-controlled structure," I think most of them were incredulous and amused. I have no idea if the witches and warlocks involved (among them, Allen Ginsberg) actually hoped to see the Pentagon levitate or not. But from the number of students who have asked me each time I have begun to teach philosophy of religion if we would be talking about demonology, I wouldn't have been surprised if they had.

If reason must be rejected, so also must language. In his earlier *Black Skin, White Masks*, Fanon said that "to speak means above all to assume a culture." In a class society to speak a language is to place one's self in a particular class. But also, and more fundamentally, language codifies and transmits, as the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein put it, "a form of life." To learn a language is to learn to look at the world in a certain way. And if that way is infected, revolution must occur at the level of utterance. In a recent article in *Ramparts*, Tom Hayden remarked that the language of the Establishment is depleted. "Often the only words with emotional content are those which cannot be spoken or published in the 'legitimate' world. . . . New words are needed to express feelings: . . . cool, outta sight, freaky. . . . In order to dream, to invoke anger or love, new language becomes necessary."

Fanon, Marcuse, the Berkeley Free Speech Movement uncovered nothing new. It is the political aspect of a discovery about the relationship between language and the mind to which many people from many disciplines have come in the past 100 years or so. In *1984*, George Orwell envisioned a society that handled protest not by punishing it but by making it nonsensical. And Orwell's "Newspeak," Marcuse writes, is the language of our one-dimensional society, obliterating contradictions, blurring perceptions, and paralyzing feeling (among his examples: "clean bomb," "harmless fallout," "father of the H-bomb").

But a warning that can be stated only in words, that rests on the assumption language is the condition of mind in general, and that makes sense granted we are not always the "dupes" of the words we speak has become for some students the cry that we should get rid of language altogether. "Words mean different things to different people," students say. (Of course they do, but the only way we know it is that they also mean much the same thing.) "All experiences are subjective." (No, experiences are things that subjects have. So?) "There is no such thing as truth. There is only my truth!" (Then why are you talking to me?) They do not think of language as a rather miraculous means of communication, but as a barrier. This is one of the reasons why they are drawn to the religions of the East, in which the mystical element is predominant. For the mystic, too, though he means something quite different, claims that words mislead and that the experience of the Divine is in some special way ineffable. "In the beginning was the Word." That was the wrong beginning, the new ideology says. In a way, General Westmoreland's monstrous "We'll bomb them back to the Stone Age" is echoed by the desperate impulse of some of the young

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Israel and the Christian Shrines

by HARRY GOLDEN

When Gen. Vivian Herzog was appointed Military Governor of Jerusalem by the Israeli army, he mused about the special irony destiny had reserved for him. General Herzog is the son of Yitzhak Halevi Herzog, once the Chief Rabbi of Ireland, the most Catholic country in the world. "I should have known," remarked General Herzog, "that, as a soldier in the most Jewish army in the world, I would become protector of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Stations of the Via Dolorosa, and the Cenaculum, the scene of the Last Supper."

Israel found itself in a similarly ironic situation. The most venerated shrines of Christianity were suddenly all within the borders of the Jewish state. Israel had become the stepfather to sanctuaries revered throughout the world. Like most stepfathers, Israel encountered responsibilities it never anticipated.

For example, Israel was responsible for preventing the minor riots that erupted from time to time in Bethlehem when tens of thousands of pilgrims tried to squeeze into a church that could accommodate only a small fraction of their number. On Christmas Eve and Easter there was often bloodshed in front of the Church of the Nativity, ugly episodes the Jordanians somehow could not prevent. For under its single roof, the Church of the Nativity houses four churches: Greek Orthodox, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic. Israel brought peace to these warring Christians by programing a strict schedule of services for each of these churches; the Jews also installed open-air television on Manger Square for those who could not obtain a pew inside.

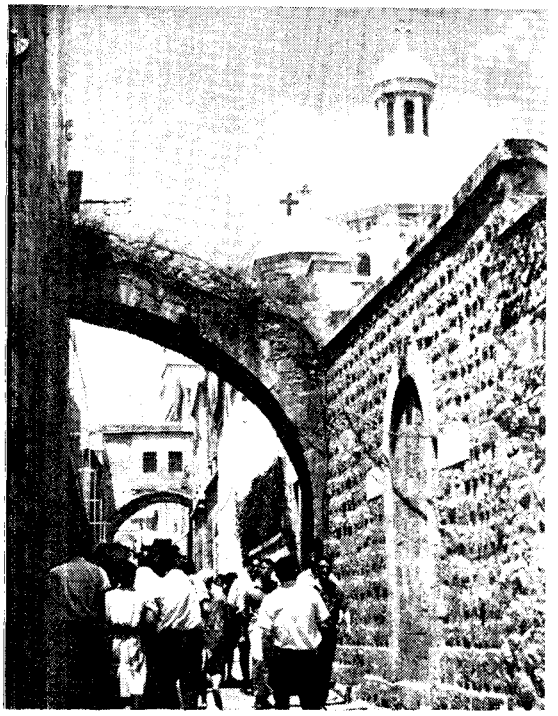
Just as Israel has doubled its Christian population, so too has religious contention doubled. As a result of the Six-Day War, there are now two Russian Orthodox Churches, each insisting it represents the True Faith within Israel. Before the Revolution of 1917, White Russian Orthodoxy had founded churches, convents, schools, and hospices in Palestine; later, the Red Russian Revolution Orthodox Church, an ecclesiastical mission dependent upon the Russian Orthodox Patriarch of Moscow—and the party line—had been operating in Jordan. Each of these churches wants to swallow the other on the absolutely logical grounds that one of them must be heretical.

But under Israeli law, religious minorities enjoy autonomy not only in personal rights but in liturgical practice. The law itself is old, having been first promulgated by the Ottoman Turks in 1757 as the Statute of Sublime Porte, which conferred on every community or nation, then called "millets," its rights and which imposed on it its obligations.

The British, under their mandate, continued the practice, and, when Israel declared its independence in 1948, the Statute of Sublime Porte was made the law of the land. Essentially, the statute defined the status quo when the Turks let the various Christian churches divvy up the Holy Places.

This law is implemented and interpreted by the Israeli Ministry for Christian Affairs, the head of which is Dr. Shaul Colbi, an Italian-born Jew, who is the only expert on Roman Catholic canon law in Israel (which probably means he is the only such Jewish expert in the world). Dr. Colbi is also unique in his being a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Catholic priests in Israel jokingly call him "Monsignor."

Colbi's ministry on King Solomon Street is the most anachronistic in Jerusalem. In his office wait Italian monks who look as though they stepped from the pages of Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Russian archimandrites straight out of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. Colbi, one of the world's foremost authorities on Christian shrines, has headed this department for twenty-two years. Under his aegis, Israel has developed continually improving relationships with its Christian community. Hebrew has become the lingua franca among clergymen of different nationalities and denominations; at its own insistence, Israel's multimillion-member labor union joined the Histadrut; and—hereby hangs the tale—Pope Paul came to the Holy Land.



—Israeli Government Tourist Office

Way of the Cross—"Israel encountered responsibilities it never anticipated."

The Pope's visit was of historic significance. Because of this, the Israelis ironed out every conceivable difficulty beforehand. Pope Paul wanted to visit the Cenaculum, the only access to which was by a narrow, tortuous flight of stone steps; the Israelis built a new road to make the Pontiff's approach more convenient. Among the Pope's entourage were three elderly cardinals, one on a salt-free diet, one on protein-plus, and one on a diet heady with boiled foods, the preparation of which taxed the Israeli chefs. And, of course, the Israelis wanted to give Paul a memento of his visit, something the Pope and the Jews would value commonly; the Israelis struck a gold medal embossed with the injunction "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself."

There is no question the visit was a success. Prior to Paul, only two cardinals had come to the Holy Land, both on private visits. In the past seven years, at least thirty cardinals and other members of the hierarchy have made state visits. During my stay, in fact, the Archbishop of Cologne, Joseph Cardinal Hoffner, toured Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, and then asked Dr. Colbi to show him a kibbutz.

Israel works hard to maintain the Vatican's good will. In a nation where all religions are supposedly equal, there are still some that are considered more important than others.

Historically, the Greek Orthodox Patriarch holds preference among the spiritual leaders of all the Christian churches, and the Greek Orthodox

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HARRY GOLDEN is editor of the *Carolina Israelite* and author of *The Israelis Are Healthy*, to be published early next year by Putnam.

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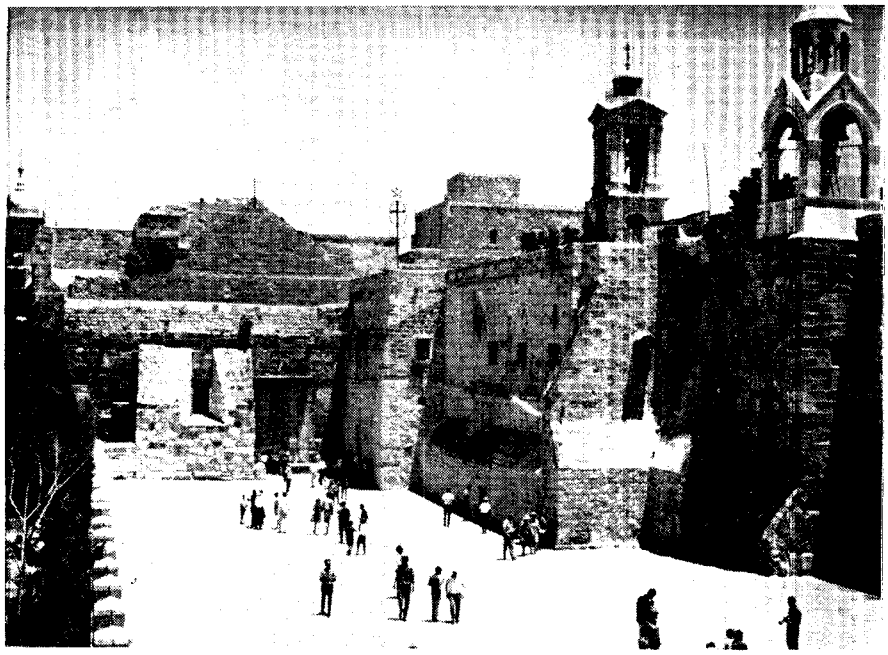
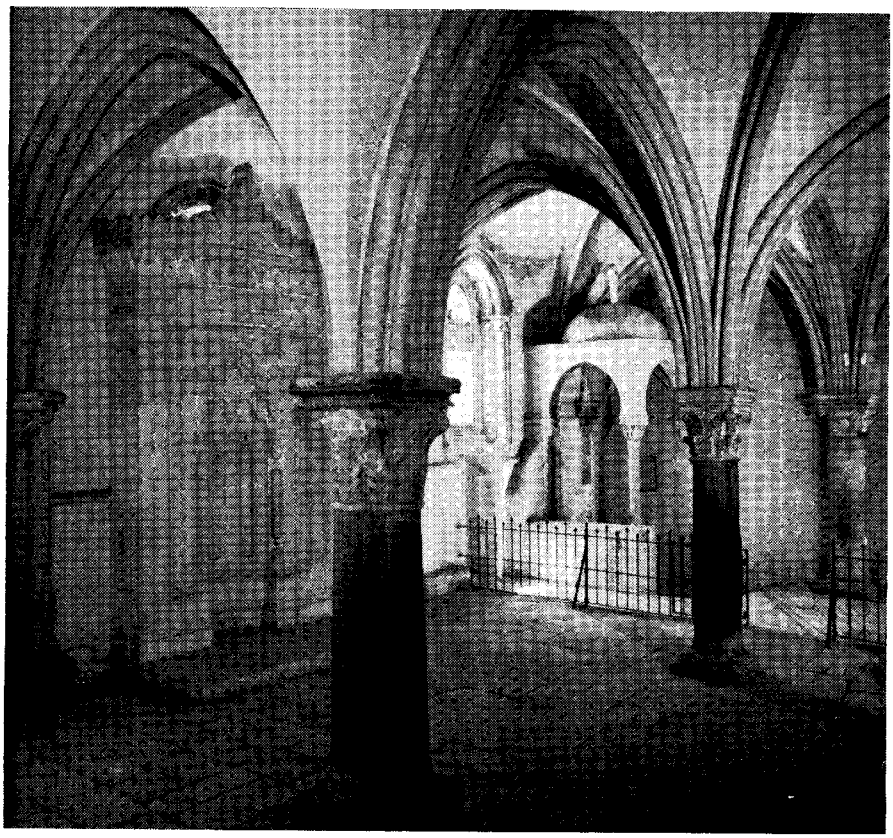


Nativity Square in Bethlehem—"Just as Israel has doubled its Christian population, so too has religious contention doubled."

Church holds preference in the main Christian sanctuaries. In trying to preserve its Hellenic character, however, the church has often shamefully neglected its pastoral duties toward its followers, who are mostly Arabs. A shortage of priests has also weakened the prestige of the Greek Orthodox. And saddest of all, the church has run out of money. For generations, the faithful in the Balkans and in Russia had supported it. The Soviets put an end to this.

The Monophysites, who include the Armenian, Coptic, Syrian-Jacobite, and Ethiopian churches, have the oldest links with the Holy Land. Some of these churches were founded in the fifth and sixth centuries. These Christians were always few in number. Even adding the adherents who live in the Administered Territories, there are probably only 3,000 in Israel. With the Greek Orthodox Church, however, the Monophysites exercise condominium in some of the most important sanctuaries from which the Roman Catholics are excluded.



The Room of the Last Supper on Mount Zion—"the Israelis built a new road to make the Pontiff's approach more convenient."

The Protestants came last to the Holy Land, and the first of these were for the most part German Lutherans. Kaiser Wilhelm, anxious to establish German interests in the Middle East, built many churches in Palestine. At the beginning of World War II, the British took these churches and land into vested custody. After the war, the German Lutherans, for obvious reasons, chose not to resume their work in Israel. For a nominal fee, the Germans sold these properties to the Jews.

There are still many Anglican churches throughout the country founded during the British mandate. Almost every Protestant denomination is represented here, but in the main their work is missionary.

Protestants were never overly interested in establishing shrines. They regarded the whole of the land as the cradle of Christianity. One can still see Protestant divines filling empty milk bottles with water from the River Jordan.

The Protestant presence in Israel is diminished by its very variety. In America alone, I believe, there are more than 200 Protestant denominations. But there is only one Pope. His influence and his friendship can prove to be decisive factors for a small country.

Take Nazareth, a town of 35,000 Arabs. There is no room in Nazareth for even the Jews who live in Illit Nazareth, up on the hills. Yet, there was room in Nazareth for the Great Basilica of the Annunciation (a Catholic church), which has just been completed. Although this monumental church run by the Franciscan Order was designed by the Italian architect Giovanni Muzio, it was built by Solel Boneh, the construction company owned by the Histadrut.

The Jews say they live with a lot of off-the-record friends. This kind of economic muscle is enough to make the Vatican a pal for life.

"There are numerous signs," writes Dr. Colbi in his monograph *Christian Churches in Israel*, "that the Catholic Church is appraising a realistic ally in a new situation in which the Israel factor must not be underestimated. In the theological field, that situation appears more acceptable in view of the change in attitudes toward Judaism resulting from the memorable decisions arrived at by the recent Ecumenical Council. Israel's presence in east Jerusalem and throughout the Holy Land is a fact which cannot be ignored: The church adopted a posture of remarkable correctness in its day-to-day de facto relations with Israeli authorities."

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Jarred Halos

BANKS AND THE POOR, a film documentary in the weekly NET series "Realities," was recently presented over the live, interconnected Public Broadcasting Service, and, as a result, for me the "friendly" banking industry has lost some of its carefully cultivated man-to-man appeal.

David Rockefeller, Chase Manhattan's chairman of the board, said on the program that "the banking industry has paid special attention to the needs of the disadvantaged . . . minority groups . . . and, most importantly, to helping with the desperate housing problem that exists in the country today." Producer-writer Morton Silverstein unemotionally but persuasively confronted Mr. Rockefeller's generalization with evidence that pictured most banks, savings and loan associations, and commercial lenders as perpetuators of slum housing and as being indifferent to, if not contemptuous of, the borrowing needs of poor blacks. The program also accused these organizations of being involved in an ugly installment buying practice known as the "holder-in-due-course" doctrine, in which banks purchase fraudulent home-improvement contracts from gullible customers and extract full payment, even though merchandise is faulty or never delivered.

The bankers lobby came in for sharp criticism, as did ninety-eight U.S. Senators and Congressmen (names were listed on the program) who are shareholders or directors of banking institutions and have disregarded a Congressional rule that prohibits voting on legislation where there is a conflict of interest.

Mr. Silverstein was low-keyed, clinically methodical, and precise in "balancing" his breach of the green curtain behind which the banking industry has maintained its image of non-discriminatory benevolence. Mr. Rockefeller was given his counterpoints in a lively, edited interview exchange with Representative Wright Patman (D-Texas), chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency and a veteran of a campaign to show that the banking industry falls short of making a fair allocation of credit to all income groups.

Other bankers also were seen and heard defending, explaining, and justifying, but it was a no-contest affair. The charges against the bankers were presented in vivid, personal case histories marked by examples of exploitation of poor people and indignities that poor blacks suffer through antagonistic cultural attitudes acted out by white, middle-class bank employees. The problems that bankers face, their apologies, and their promises of better performance in the future limped along lamely. Were the cards stacked? Some bankers who tried to stop the program from being shown on public broadcasting stations in their areas claimed that *Banks and the Poor* was inaccurate and misleading. *The Wall Street Journal* gave the program a favorable review, adding: "Debate can be healthy. . . .The bankers themselves have a heavy stake in improving their services to the community and curbing dubious practices."

This was an original program, the first to make the esoterics of banking meaningful to laymen, largely by virtue of its choice of heroes and villains —the poor vs. the rich banks. Its very laconic mode constituted its polemic power. Nevertheless, the program may be faulted for not penetrating to the deeper reality that, in our corporate, profit-maximizing ethos, the banks are no more villains than you and I. Banks may pose as detached benevolists, but they are not charitable institutions. They have no legal obligations to help rich or poor. They take risks as do all entrepreneurs, but they cannot be expected to take unlimited risks. Nor are more generous credit lines for low-income housing necessarily the panacea: The entire construction industry (particularly union practices) needs radical surgery before such housing can get off the ground. Even legal sanctions have their limits. In the end, as with most of our society's tragic problems, the issues are those of conscience and ethics.

Unfortunately, the most effective prod to these sensitivities today lies not in character but in reputations for character. Mr. Silverstein has jarred banking's halo. An imaginative banker might set it straight again by offering genuine services to the poor rather than toasters, stereos, holidays in the Virgin Islands, and S & H Green Stamps. As for genial bankers in general, they'll now have to prove their friendship is color-blind.

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Trustee of the Culture

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial by Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Archibald MacLeish was adapted by Mr. MacLeish from an address given this fall at the first convocation of Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts.*

We are now in the sixth or seventh year of what, following the mellifluous Irish, we might well call The Troubles—meaning, of course, the troubles in the university. Down to this time, universities and colleges have acted defensively if at all. They have treated The Troubles as private, or at least internal, ructions between their students and themselves, and have attempted only to gird themselves for each Putsch as it came along. Parietal Rules have been modified, not to say abolished. Administrative procedures, meaning disciplinary procedures, have been altered. Relations with the community have been reconsidered and frequently improved. A few changes of a public-relations, rather than a scholarly, significance have been offered in the curricula. But no important, positive efforts have been made by those best equipped to make them, which is to say by university and college faculties, to determine what these famous Troubles actually are or how they affect—should affect—the university's undertaking to educate the young.

We have been hearing about the development of new police methods for academic use, including bodyguards for presidents and the FBI on twenty-four-hour alert. We have seen a good bit of faculty linen, not all of it well washed, hung out to dry. We have learned that there are still courageous chancellors prepared to battle not so courageous regents to the verge of coronary and beyond. But the only confident educational pronouncements of this troubled time have issued, not from the colleges or universities, but from Mr. Spiro Agnew. And all Mr. Spiro Agnew has had to tell us is that the whole thing is the doing of wicked boys and girls egged on by "the disgusting and permissive attitude of the people in command of the . . . campus." By which Mr. Agnew means that The Troubles would go away if only the trouble-makers were eradicated.

This, unfortunately, is a conclusion that fails to satisfy. Those who know most about these wicked boys and girls—the men and women who teach them—are pretty well agreed that, far from being a generation of criminal delinquents, this new generation of the young constitutes the hope of the world—such hope, that is, as this raddled, soiled, abused, exploited world still has. The contemporary young have their faults, obviously. They include in their number the usual shoddy elements familiar to every undergraduate generation: the campus politician, the adolescent marching and shouting association, and the plain bad actor—together with a newer phenomenon, a certain scattering of young exploiters of the idealism of the young, for whom there is no adequate epithet. But, by and large, the contemporary young are nevertheless, and have been for some years back, the most deeply concerned, the most humanly committed generation we have seen in this century with the single exception of the veterans returning from the Second World War.

But though it is fairly clear to those who face these facts that Mr. Agnew's simple explanation explains nothing but Mr. Agnew, it is still true that no other explanation has been forthcoming. No one—no one at least in a position to do anything about it—seems to have asked the next, the crucial, question. If Mr. Agnew is wrong—if The Troubles cannot be blamed on some sudden, mysterious plague of viciousness affecting an entire generation of the young—where then shall the blame be put? How are we to explain the restlessness, rebellion, indignation, violence in college after college, university after university, from one coast of this country to the other, and in Europe as well as the Americas and Asia?

This would seem to be the one inescapable question of the time, and particularly for the teachers of the time, for the scholars, for the faculties in all their disciplines. If The Troubles are not "student troubles" in the simple-minded Agnew sense, they must be something other than "student troubles." They must afflict the universities and colleges not because the university, the college, has a particular relation to the young, but because it has a particular relation to something else. But *what* else?

The established faculties have not told us, but there is an increasing body of educational opinion which holds that the "something else" with which the university, the college, has to do exists not within the academic pale but outside in what we used to call the world. The Troubles, that is to say, are not disciplinary troubles, whatever the politicians, the hardhats, and the middle-aged generally say about them. Neither are they, as the more romantic of the young believe, "revolutionary" (meaning political) troubles. They are troubles at the heart of human life, troubles in the culture itself, in the civilization, in the state of the civilization—troubles that cannot be cured by ranting at the government, however misguided or misdirected government may be, or by sending in the National Guard, whatever the provocation, but only by restoring the precarious balance between the society and the self which defines culture at any given place or time. And that restoration is or should be—must be—the business of the college, of the university.

Individuals—thinkers, organizations of thinkers, philosophers—can help. A

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true statesman, another Jefferson, even another Wilson, would be a godsend. But it is still the university, the college, that must bear the brunt of the responsibility because it is the university, the college, which is the trustee of the culture, the trustee of the state of the civilization, the trustee of the means by which civilization descends from the always disappearing past into that eternal becoming which we call the present.

Moreover, it is as trustee of the culture that the university has failed in these years in which the culture has lost its human values and deteriorated into a mere technology that exploits knowledge as it exploits everything else, using even science itself, not as a means for the advancement of civilization and the enrichment of life, but as a ground for gadgetry and invention regardless of the human value of the thing invented, so that the triumphs of the epoch make no distinction between the glories of modern medicine and the horrors of modern war. When a civilization can declare tacitly and even explicitly that whatever *can* be invented *must* be invented regardless of the human consequences, we are already far into that disastrous epoch for which Yeats provided the image and the name:

> Turning and turning in the widening gyre
> The falcon cannot hear the falconer,
> Things fall apart, the center cannot hold. . . .

A truly responsible university would, I think, face Yeats's vision and the reading of history that underlies it. It would accept, as the critical contemporary fact, the failure of the balance between society and self and would find the reason for that failure in the dehumanizing of the culture on one side and the dehumanizing of the self upon the other: the conversion of a once diverse and fruitful human culture into a crassly technological semiculture, and the withdrawal of the withered self toward the uttermost wilderness of the self—toward that desert of solipsism in which some ghostly modern selves already wander. Moreover, having accepted the failure of the balance as the underlying ill, the responsible college would go on to make the restoration of the balance its explicit business: It would commit itself, as the new Hampshire College already has, "to a view of liberal education as a vehicle for the realization of self *in* society"—and it would underline the *in*.

It is a measure of the decline of the human in this sorry age that, far from resounding as a declaration of the obvious, these words ring like trumpets —like the first courageous trumpets we have heard since The Troubles began. What would once have been a platitude becomes a call to arms. It is only, of course, *in* society that a self can *ever* be realized—in what John Keats called the arable field of events. But what would have been self-evident to the founders of the Republic and above all to the father of the University of Virginia comes as a shock of blinding revelation to the generation of the depraved Los Angeles murders and the cold-blooded tortures in Connecticut and the brutal killings in Ohio and Mississippi. We suddenly *see*, as we reflect upon these words, what the self that turns its back on society can become, and what a society without the sense of self can permit itself to do.

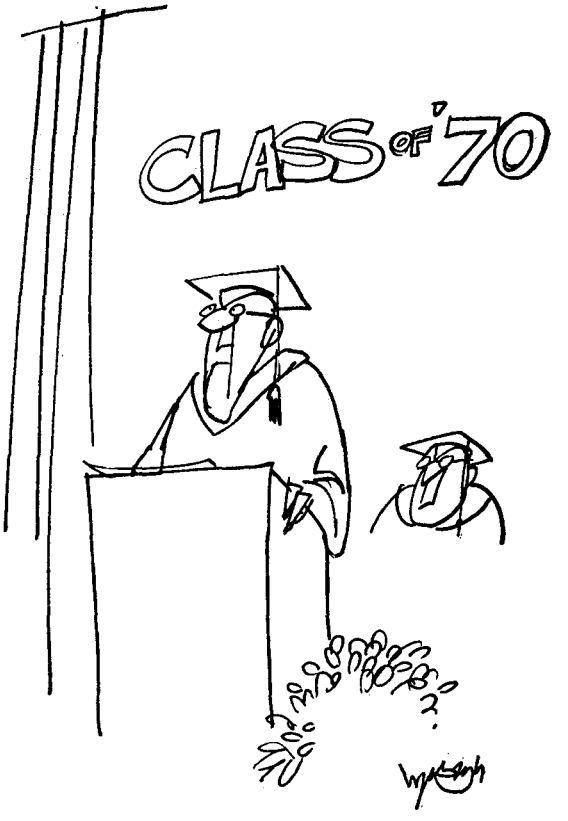
Our generation is the first in American history truly to understand what Daniel Webster meant when he cried, in those dark decades before the Civil War, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever." Even Emerson misread him. Emerson rejected "Union" in that context as the young today reject what they have christened the System. Liberty was all that mattered to Emerson and his friends—human decency—the freedom of the slaves. But when the Civil War finally came, Lincoln took his stand where Webster had taken his—upon the preservation of the Union. For without the Union there could be no liberty. And this, as always with Lincoln, was no shrewd political calculation such as we know so well today. It was human truth — Yeats's truth. Without a center that can hold "things fall apart. . . ." "The falcon cannot hear the falconer." Without a center that can hold, human liberty becomes an inhuman liberty to mutilate and murder. Without a center that can hold, freedom becomes the opposite of freedom.

Only when freedom is as human as humanity is free can a nation of free men exist. Only when the balance between society and self is both harmonious and whole can there truly *be* a self, or truly a society. And only education can restore that whole.

It is, I suppose, an almost impossible commitment for any university to make—for any college. But in a time like ours it is only the impossible commitments that are still worth making. If the probabilities of the future overwhelm us, there will be no future that men, as we have known men in the past, will wish to live. It is precisely the probabilities—even the certainties —that must change. And only the university can change them.

I think we may be present at a greater moment than we know.

—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.



". . . and I see exhibited here in this graduating class a high degree of individuality and concern for self-identity—like that nude in the fourth row. . . ."

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Letters to the Editor

Visconti on Mahler/Mann

RE: "Visconti in Venice" by Hollis Alpert [*SR*, Aug. 8]. The article goes on at some length about my recently completed motion picture *Death in Venice*, which I have based on the distinguished and internationally esteemed novella by Thomas Mann. Unfortunately, the article has only just now come to my attention, and even though several weeks have passed since publication, I hasten to deny practically everything concerning me that *SR*'s reporter has written.

The author of the piece, who I understand is a highly respected cinema historian, directly or indirectly attributes to me judgments, opinions, and statements that, far from having been formulated or expressed by me, have not even been the subject of any interview given by me to representatives of either *SR* or any other publication.

It is not my custom to meet with the press while actually filming, and I did not meet with Mr. Alpert at any time, which makes the deductions in his article all the more surprising. Even after so many years of making motion pictures, I must admit I am invariably surprised when I read statements I was supposed to have made, but never did, as reported by someone I was supposed to have seen, but never did.

There is more: Mr. Alpert is wrong if he believes, as he writes, that there is a physical similarity between the made-up and costumed Dirk Bogarde—who, of course, plays Gustav von Aschenbach in my picture—and, at one point in the article, Thomas Mann, and at another, Gustav Mahler. It was not my intention to make Bogarde look like anyone in particular other than my own mind's sight of von Aschenbach, who presumably never existed, except in the vigorous and superbly subtle imagination of Thomas Mann.

This same article also quotes at length various statements attributed to Dirk Bogarde, which I am not convinced are the faithful product of an interview that did, in fact, I believe, occur in Venice during the shooting of the picture.

Let me assure *SR*'s readers I never said to Bogarde, as a supposed stimulus to his portrayal, and certainly for no other reason, "Give me the Mahler who wrote the Ninth," or any similarly ridiculous phrase.

Furthermore, let me here most emphatically deny that which has been written by Mr. Alpert, for whatever reason and from whatever source, regarding the presumed circumstances of a supposed meeting between the author Thomas Mann and the composer Gustav Mahler.

I am not a newcomer to the making of motion pictures. My work methods and research techniques are well known. Can it be imagined I would be likely, after my studies of the period, the author, and the novel, to bring to a motion picture of mine—a motion picture based on a distinguished and well-known masterpiece—any suggestion of the fantastic circumstances described in the article in question?

If, as is the case in my film, the writer von Aschenbach of Mann's novel becomes the composer von Aschenbach, it is because I have chosen to employ such a device solely for visual and practical filmmaking reasons, which, be assured, have nothing whatsoever to do with the deductions made by Mr. Alpert in his article.

In conclusion, let me be redundant: I have not had an interview with any member of the staff or any representative of *SR*, nor have I ever expressed even the smallest part of that which, in the article of August 8, has been directly or indirectly attributed to me.

LUCHINO VISCONTI,
Rome, Italy.

Mr. Alpert replies: "I am sorry to have to say that Mr. Visconti's complaints about my article have less to do with me than with the fact that my reporting of what might be termed the great Mahler myth has caused him considerable embarrassment. The article, first of all, was clearly not based on interview material from Visconti himself, since he did not make himself available for extensive comments during the period of filming when I was present, but came instead from lengthy tape-recorded sessions with Dirk Bogarde. I journeyed to Venice with the clear understanding from Warner Brothers that I would be able to spend some time with Visconti. When he did not wish to grant that time, I decided the only way I could justify my *SR* assignment was to view the director through a principal such as Mr. Bogarde, who kindly consented to this arrangement. Visconti knew I was there; in fact, he greeted me when he interrupted one of my sessions with Bogarde and clearly noted the presence of my tape recorder. However, the brief quotation attributed directly to Visconti came from a previous meeting in New York City at the time of the release of Visconti's *The Damned*. At that time, he spoke to me about both Bogarde and *Death in Venice*, then in preparation. I still have, by the way, the full tape transcript of my Venice conversations with Bogarde, and in it is every word attributed in the article to Bogarde.

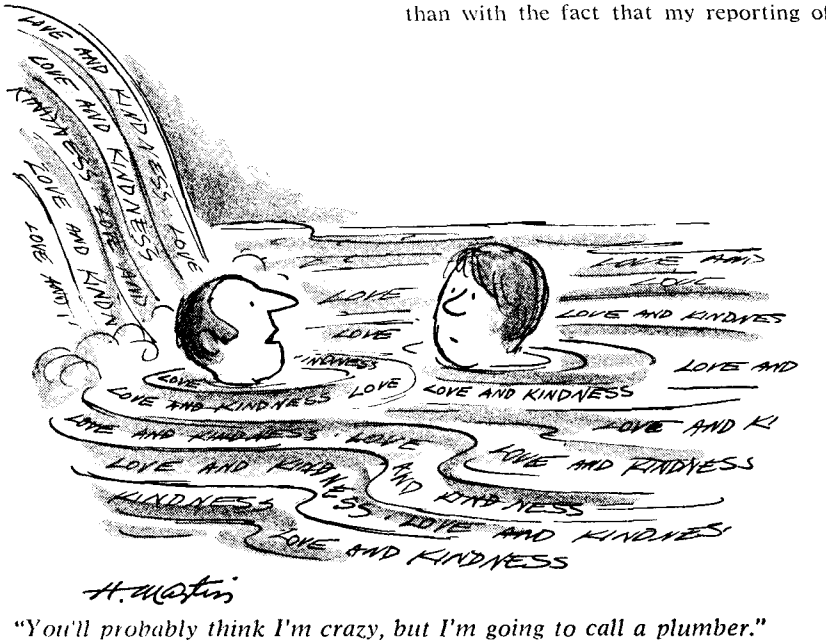
"Furthermore, the Mahler-Aschenbach resemblance was hardly a secret, and did not need an inquiring reporter for verification. No sooner had I arrived in Venice than I was handed some mimeographed explanatory material by a Warner Brothers press representative. I herewith quote from it: 'Insofar as possible, Bogarde has been made over to resemble photographs of Gustav Mahler, the composer, after an episode in whose life Thomas Mann reportedly patterned the events in *David in Venice*.'

"And from another press release: 'Because Thomas Mann reportedly wrote *Death in Venice* from an incident in the life of the composer Gustav Mahler, Visconti uses the Mahler music in *Death in Venice*, and, indeed, at one time was considering remaking Bogarde's face so that he could more closely resemble existing photographs of Mahler.'

"There was more publicity material in regard to the Mahler-Aschenbach resemblance, and prior to the appearance of my article there was a news story in *Variety* that included the following: 'Visconti claims that Mann's original model for the story's central character was not a writer, but Gustav Mahler. . . .'

"A lengthy piece, under the byline of Marika Aba, appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* of May 31, 1970. In it the reporter quotes Visconti as saying, 'As you can see, I have changed Aschenbach from a writer to a composer, making Bogarde look more like Mahler did, after whose life Mann wrote *Death in Venice*.'

"I can add this: At one point, Bogarde halted our conversation to dig out a series of make-up test photographs. There was an earlier series and a later series. The first series had Bogarde made up to look uncannily like photographs of Mahler. The later series eliminated the Mahler likeness, as can be seen by the photograph that accompanied my article in *SR*."



"You'll probably think I'm crazy, but I'm going to call a plumber."

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If War Is a Transitory Aspect of Human Behavior. . .

by MELVIN M. TUMIN

IS PEACE INEVITABLE?

by Santiago Genovés
translated from the Spanish
by the author

Walker, 194 pp., $5.95

A fundamental discovery of the twentieth century is the realization that patterns of human behavior—such as religion, war, kinship structures, democratic government—cannot be explained in terms of biological or psychological drives and instincts. The key word is "patterns," in the sense that while various human needs, grounded in human biology or psychology, may impel men to activity, those needs, being *identical* in all men, cannot account for the highly differentiated patterns of behavior—culture in the small and large senses—that men devise in response.

The patternings—of motives, forms, and consequences—are the products of ideologies, values, interests, resources, world views, and philosophies, and they change continuously, though some are more stable than others. Their different varieties occur under describable conditions of organized social life. They are often linked to each other in chains of reciprocal support or antagonism. They are mostly undeliberate and unplanned, though certain features serve the interests of some segments of a population more than others, such as the greater opportunities that capitalism provides to the wealthy. Once patterns are developed, those who benefit most from them will strive most to retain them against contrary movements for change. Power will then determine the tenacity of patterns under challenge, just as power-quotients are often crucial in the *initiation* of certain patterns—*e.g.*, the decision to take a country, even a democratic country, into war has almost always been made by an élite, powerful few.

A. L. Kroeber, one of the most distinguished American anthropologists, is responsible for coining the term "superorganic" to refer to these patterns of behavior whose forms and functions cannot be reduced to biological or organic terms without losing their essential significance. Kroeber used that term deliberately to indicate that in evolutionary history there was a crucial transition from the style of life of all nonhuman animals—characterized dominantly by nonreflective, mostly unlearned responses to biological urges and needs—to the condition, exclusive to man, where even in his most "uncivilized" condition the greater part of his life is shaped and dominated by nonorganic, *i.e.*, social and cultural interests, ideas, and needs to which he gives learned rather than inherited responses.

The superorganic or cultural dimension of human existence has come to be taken by most behavioral scientists as the distinctive feature of that existence. Once this perspective had been adopted, the search for instincts, biological tropisms, ineluctable psychic drives, and the like came virtually to an end, at least among social scientists. Perhaps the sole *major* system of thought about man that retained an essentially biologistic orientation was Freudian psychology.

What is true of the community of scientists, however, has not been true of the rest of mankind. Surely the single most durable, popular, and useless idea in the lay mind is that human be-

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havior—whether the similarities or the differences among men—can best be explained by some vague reference to instincts, or to genes, or to an even vaguer entity called "human nature." What is today so popularly identified as "racism" is simply a persistent tendency to think about various races in terms of biological determinants. "That's the way those people are by nature" is surely the most frequently enunciated "explanation" of behavior.

The emergence of modern biology, with its emphasis on structural genetics, and its increasing ability to "decipher" the "code" contained in various chromosomal structures, has given a certain scientific credibility to a renewed interest in biological determinants of behavior. Perhaps more important, some pseudoscientific journalists with a flair for writing attractive, irresponsible, and often dangerous nonsense have come to command popularity in the last few years with so-called "daring" and "controversial" hypotheses (they are neither daring nor controversial, except to blurb-writers and illiterate or beguiled book reviewers) about "man the animal." Robert Ardrey's recent work, *The Social Contract* [*SR*, Oct. 24], is only the latest example of such "popular science." The effort in such tracts to explain man in simple terms of instinct (which is merely a secular variation on explaining man in terms of God's will), or of the "wisdom" of evolutionary processes operating for "the survival of the fittest," proves expectably appealing to the public, who find human complexity too much to bear, much less to understand.

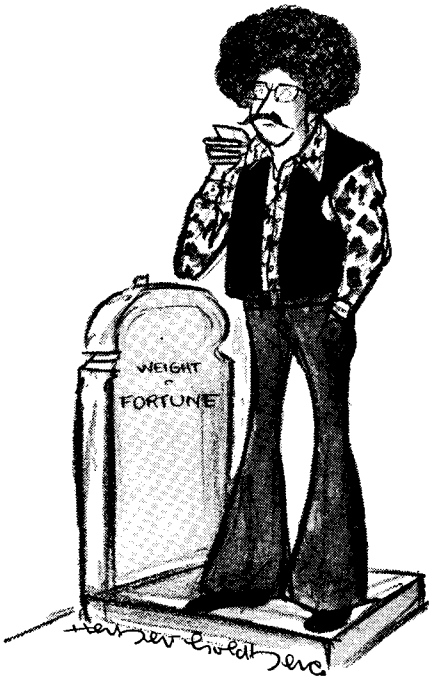
It must be said that responsible geneticists, of whom the dean is surely Theodosius Dobzhansky, deplore the new "instinctivism" as much as any social scientist. That is why the appearance of Santiago Genovés's book is such a welcome event. Dobzhansky says, quite accurately, in his introduction to *Is Peace Inevitable?*:

> Professor Genovés is one of the relatively rare research scientists who are able to write accounts of their science for popular audiences. His book is a popularization at its best: It probes deeply into its subject matter, it does not talk down to the reader, and it is surprisingly free of technical jargon. Most important, it deals with problems of great concern in the modern world—racism, aggression, and war.

Genovés must be counted as one of the exceptional people of our day. He is a research biologist and anthropologist at the University of Mexico; he was co-chairman of the founding meeting of the International Association of Human Biologists; he has written more than 100 articles and books; he has collaborated on lyrics with Pete Seeger; he has made several films, of which one, *Pax?*, is based on the book here reviewed; and he was a crew member on both of Thor Heyerdahl's trans-Atlantic voyages in *RA I* and *II*. When asked why he, a middle-aged scientific researcher and family man, "found it worthwhile to take part in [this last] risky enterprise," he replied that the trips provided a chance to see if "a small group of men drawn from totally diverse cultures and backgrounds could cooperate under such circumstances," and that, in any event, "peace is the most risky enterprise of all, and also the most worthwhile."

It is this spirit that informs his book. Though badly titled in English (the Spanish *El hombre entre la guerra y la paz*—"Man between war and peace"—is much more fitting), it will serve to introduce Genovés to an English-speaking lay audience, and that is a welcome event.

Genovés makes it quite clear where he stands: " . . . to me such statements as 'Man is aggressive,' or 'Man is the most dangerous animal,' sound strange and ambiguous. . . . I have what might be called an acquired incapacity to believe that man 'is' this or that one thing for all eternity . . . . above all, I do not believe that animals behave very much like men. The crucial differentiating factor is the human culture, which is itself evolving all the time."



"And after difficult soul-searching travail through Zen, I Ching divination, brown rice, pot, meditation, and a lengthy pilgrimage to India, you will eventually find happiness with Norman Vincent Peale."

With these remarks Genovés takes his place alongside those members of the biological-anthropological fraternity who understand that human culture is always a product of interaction among needs, interests, values, and resources; that biological needs are only a part, and often an irrelevant part, of the total need-structure that shapes cultures, the far more important one being super- or nonorganic needs such as for love, or recognition, or honor, or grace; that these superorganic needs arise in the social context which is *the* specific and unique habitat of man; that man's nature, whatever it may be, is formed in this social matrix.

Armed with this perspective, Genovés rejects biologistic and psychoanalytic explanations of war as expressions of human biological or psychic instincts. He shows the inadequacy of other theories that stress superficial parallels in human and animal behavior. He lays bare the fallacy of trying to understand war as an expression of "the survival of the fittest." He makes it quite clear that war and aggression are not the same thing, since there are many forms of aggression other than war, and hence a theory that accounts for the *generality* of aggression cannot account in the same terms for the *specificity* of war. "War," says Genovés, "[is the] rationalized aggression between numerically significant groups of the same species," and he knows and shows why terms such as "rationalized" and "numerically significant groups" are crucial to the specificity of war.

Nor is Genovés an unreasonable optimist about mankind. He knows full well what kinds of sentiment war promotes and depends upon; how it can and does gratify needs for "group solidarity, the shedding of personal responsibility, and the incentives provided by a collective purpose." Hence he quite properly raises the important questions about the possible functional equivalents for war that might comparably gratify those needs in less destructive ways.

Yet Genovés is moved by a certain temporal optimism, a sense that, like so many other cultural phenomena, war may be only a transitory form of behavior in human cultural history, and may have finally outlived its usefulness. He says:

> . . . Many of today's ethnologists and anthropologists are inclined to look on war as a phenomenon linked to definite periods of history and certain forms of human society. There is nothing to prevent war from being a phenomenon which appears at a given moment in time and disappears at another, in the same way as many other

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human activities. War, then, like so many other things which once seemed immutable laws, might be just a stage in the history of human progress.

He argues this on the grounds that in the past "war has appealed to man's sense of brotherhood, even his sense of beauty. Today, technological advances have depersonalized war to such an extent that it can no longer be explained in terms of these traditional gratifications. If there is any hope, this may be where it lies."

What, then, would a society without war be like? Here Genovés speculates:

> History offers enough precedents for us to make a few reasonable guesses. It would be a society characterized by a high and evenly distributed standard of living, one that had learned to balance production and consumption, and that could adjust its consuming population to its productive capacity whenever the reverse was not possible. In such a society, aggressive tendencies would be transformed through education into nondestructive types of competition. More important than the symbolization of aggression would be merrymaking, and all the possibilities for invention and culture implied by increased leisure . . . war itself is man's invention, a product of civilization that we are justified in calling a cultural achievement, albeit a negative one. In that same past there are conditions that, if we bestir ourselves, may yet give rise to many other inventions. The creature that invented war can also invent peace.

I find this too "voluntaristic" an approach, too dependent on "needs" theory, too "inner" a notion about war as a cultural form. Wars cannot be explained, it is patently clear, without important reference to the out-group hostilities that are the natural counterpart of in-group prides, those prides being the very condition of group existence. This is as true for modern nation-states as for primitive hunting bands. By derivation, only when we develop social forms and loyalties that transcend parochial and localistic prides and prejudices can we hope to reduce the frequency of group conflict. And this "transcendence" is possible only if the risks of loss from war are fairly equally distributed among all those involved in making and conducting war.

Surely this is what Genovés is hinting at, even if he does not make it sufficiently explicit and formalized, when he says that the society without war must be one with a "high and evenly distributed standard of living." He would, too, I am sure, acknowledge that this condition of equality has to characterize world society if peace is ever to break out.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Extravagant Conjecture

MY STUDIES IN THE FAMILY PAPERS known as the Lovelace Papers were mentioned in Harvey Curtis Webster's review of *The Uninhibited Byron*, by Bernard Grebanier [*SR*, Oct. 17], in such a way as to lead your readers to suppose they contain evidences which are most positively *not there*. The astonishing passage I object to is: "Like Mrs. Moore, Grebanier believes Byron was so addicted to sodomy that normal intercourse could not be more than momentarily satisfying to him, and that he consequently tried to force it upon his wife."

This theory is based, not upon anything material, but on a work of extravagant conjecture by Professor Wilson Knight, *Lord Byron's Marriage*. I am afraid one cannot exorcise a King Charles's head, but I have done my best, both in my book *The Late Lord Byron*, in which the Lovelace Papers were extensively used, and in correspondence in the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *Sunday Times*, and a pamphlet, *The Great Byron Adventure*.

I do not pretend to know the secrets of Byron's bedchamber, but I can honorably affirm that I have never come across a single allusion which could, without straining the imagination, suggest that he committed an unnatural act with any woman. I believe you will find the leading American authority, Leslie A. Marchand, of the same mind as I am in this matter.

Mr. Grebanier's book gives little evidence of original research (in one case he credits the Berg Collection with something actually in the British Museum); nor does the work of any other author who imagines the life of a great and prolific poet as a series of sexual orgies.

DORIS LANGLEY MOORE,
London, England

Apologies

I APOLOGIZE TO MRS. MOORE for an unfortunate omission that occurred during the typing of my review. I know that her book, which I admire very much, did not accuse Byron of sodomy.

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER,
Louisville, Ky.

Joe's Soured Apple Pie Values

EMILE CAPOUYA calls the protagonist "Johnny" in five different references in his review of Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* [*SR*, Oct. 31]. Since the hero's name is Joe (the title *Johnny Got His Gun* comes from a World War I song quoted in the book), I wondered whether Mr. Capouya had "sidled away" from more than the horror of the story.

Joe's values are *not* "as American as apple pie." His questioning of the right of governments (and politicians) to force young men to fight their wars, his hatred of flag-waving, empty-headed ceremonials, and his final wish to be shown across the world as a symbol of the evils of war are not in keeping with "apple pie America."

RICHARD E. BARNHART,
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Issue of Greatness

JOYCE CAROL OATES'S LETTER [BOOK FORUM, Nov. 14] in response to my review of her collection of short stories, *The Wheel of Love* [*SR*, Oct. 24], raises a red herring issue of her "greatness." The thrust of my criticism was that Miss Oates fails to create memorable or deeply imagined characters.

The issue of Miss Oates's "greatness" has been raised, however, by her publisher, Vanguard Press, in prominent advertisements which declare, in quotation, that "one must really call Joyce Carol Oates . . . a great writer." She is compared to Melville, as well as to Tolstoy and Dostoevsky; and it is said that *The Wheel of Love* is "one of the finest collections of short fiction ever written by an American." A critic is not obliged to believe Joyce Carol Oates's publicity. *The Wheel of Love*, not even one of her better books, seems to me rather shrill, and at times hysteric, apprenticeship work.

ROBERT EMMET LONG,
Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

High-Priced, High-Art Junk

ALTHOUGH HENRY RESNIK'S PIECE on the camp sensibility [*SR*, Nov. 21] makes some telling points, he does overlook several important factors in his general putdown of camp. Mass culture and/or the artifacts of the past can often become the high art of a later period. A spearhead, scrimshaw, or a Roman gate, to name a few far-flung examples, evolve into high-priced, adored high art a few centuries later. Benjamin Franklin's printing press on view at the Smithsonian is obviously a work of art now, as is a dentist's office or a pharmacy of the 1890s (also on view at the Smithsonian). To come a little closer to the present, the Sears, Roebuck Catalogue of 1897 (reissued by Chelsea House) was bought up in large numbers at $14.95 by a broad spectrum of people, many of whom saw it as a piece of cultural art. And yet, when it originally appeared, it had a high use potential in outhouses.

What Mr. Resnik overlooks in his deglorification of "campy nostalgia" is that both the passage of time and—this is important—the setting up of a new framework for an old form open the possibility of transforming old junk into high art, which artists such as Duchamp, Picasso, Man Ray, and others have well known. High art can be either created or "found."

HAROLD STEINBERG,
New York, N.Y.

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THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE: The Pentagon of Power

by Lewis Mumford

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 496 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Milton R. Konvitz

■ In one of the most remarkable essays of the last two centuries, "Signs of the Times," written in 1829, Carlyle called his era the Mechanical Age. It is, he said, the Age of Machinery "in every outward and inward sense of that word." No thing, he said, was done any longer by hand. "All is by rule and calculated contrivance." The artisan was driven from his workshop. "There is no end to machinery. . . .We war with rude Nature; and, by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils."

Carlyle was no Luddite eager to smash the machines, for he saw and readily acknowledged the measureless accessions to physical power made by machinery, and recognized that men were, or could in time become, much better fed, clothed, and sheltered. What worried him was that the internal and spiritual, no less than the external and physical, were being subjected to the governance of machinery. Everything —religion, education, philosophy, art, literature—was being influenced by the machine; for modes of thought and feeling were growing just as mechanical as modes of action. Men believed that the physical, chemical, physiological, and mathematical were the only true sciences, and, therefore, "that to the inward world (if there be any) our only conceivable road is through the outward; that, in short, what cannot be investigated and understood mechanically, cannot be investigated and understood at all." Consequently, happiness depended entirely on external circumstances, so that "the strength and dignity of the mind" were themselves the consequence of external conditions.

Carlyle knew that undue cultivation of the inward province could lead to idle and visionary courses and to superstition and fanaticism, but he also knew that undue cultivation of the outward, though immediately beneficial, would tend to destroy man's moral force, the source of all other human force. It would destroy "the mysterious springs of Love, and Fear, and Wonder, of Enthusiasm, Poetry, Religion, all which have a truly vital and *infinite* character." It would destroy man's belief in "the Invisible," so that men would "believe, and hope, and work only in the Visible," and Mechanism would become their God.

Yet, Carlyle wrote, he could not and would not despair, for the very unrest, the very discontent of the times contained promise of amelioration. There was to be no turning back. The task was to subvert the existing order of values, so that in the future Mechanism would not be the "hard taskmaster" but "our pliant, all-ministering servant," and the machine would serve, tend, and enhance "the imperishable dignity of man."

What Carlyle saw as a keen, sensitive observer, and foresaw as a prophet, has been the preoccupation of Lewis Mumford for the last half-century. In one way or another his two dozen books have been a documentation, reaffirmation, and vindication of Carlyle's great essay. His *Technics and Civilization* (1934), *The Culture of Cities* (1938), *The Condition of Man* (1944), *The Conduct of Life* (1951), *Art and Technics* (1952), *The Transformations of Man* (1956), *Technics and Human Development* (1967), and now *The Pentagon of Power* have all been notable and eminently successful variations on the theme. I think it was Schopenhauer who said that essentially a thinker has only one thought, and he spends a whole lifetime developing, exploring, and expressing it. The work of Lewis Mumford, no less than that of Plato, Kant, Schopenhauer, Emerson or William James, is an illustration of this truth. That is why his books form a pattern, articulating a philosophy that throws light on almost every aspect of man, his nature, his environment, his interests, and his destiny, his science, education, technology, morality, esthetics, economics, politics, psychology, anthropology, philosophy, religion—every nook and corner of man's nature and habitat.

When a bright, eager student asks me what books he might profitably read during the three precious months of the summer vacation, I often direct him to the works of Mumford, around which any live mind could well build a substantial part of his liberal education. I suspect, too, that these works have stimulated more avenues of research than have those of any other American scholar of our time. Mumford likes to quote Goethe's teaching about the necessity for self-limitation —*Entsagen*—for any man who seeks happiness or fulfillment. Yet no contemporary scholar has been more wide-ranging in his intellectual interests than Mumford. He is the paradigm of the generalist who has competence in many fields, which nestle comfortably in his spacious and hospitable mind.

In *Technics and Human Development*, the first volume of *The Myth of the Machine*, Mumford treated the historical development of the enthronement of mechanization up to the sixteenth century. In the second volume, *The Pentagon of Power*, the author continues his analysis, beginning with Descartes, Galileo, Kepler, Francis Bacon, and the massive scientific and technological developments that followed in their wake. While recognizing the benefits derived from discoveries, inventions, and explorations, Mumford stresses and documents the Emersonian expression of grief that "things are in the saddle, and ride mankind." Mumford, as a latter-day humanist,

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a four-day work week?

ny which will do the same job as our press in the audio-visual field.

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The Spanish were nice enough to discover America.

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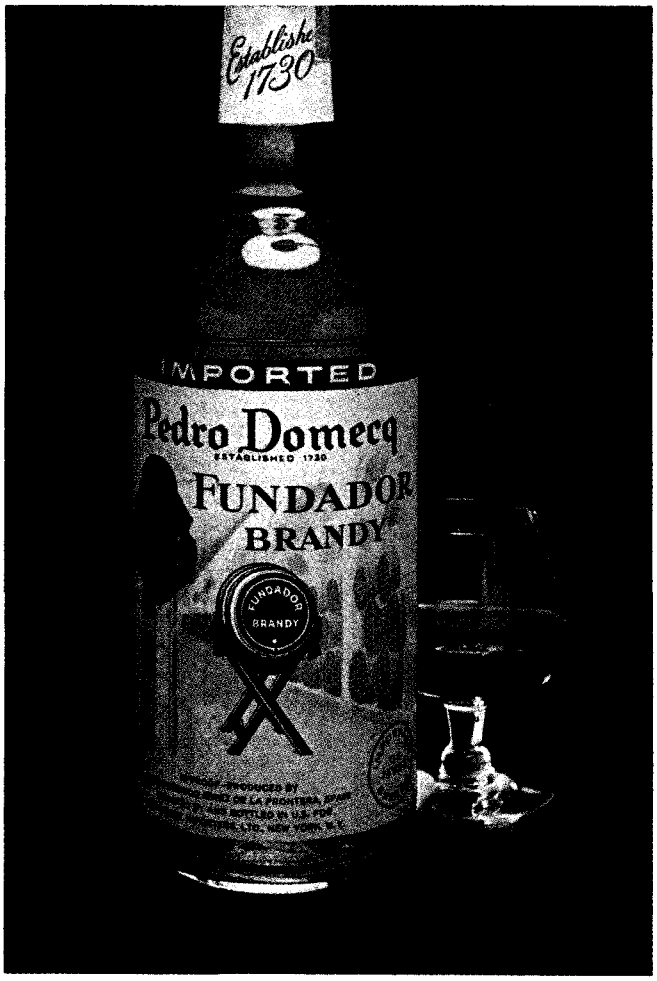

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wants to see man achieve a state of wholeness—the state for which Socrates in the *Phaedrus* prayed: beauty in the inward soul, and the outward and inward man at one. And so, to win a proper balance, he rejects the Enlightenment's enthronement of reason and finds a significant place for emotion, feeling, and intuition as indispensable for the development of man. He rejects the notions of man as a machine and the world as a wound-up clock. He finds a need for a sense of wonder, mystery, and poetry; he believes in the primacy of the spiritual over the material, of freedom and spontaneity over automation, of the whole over the part; and he sees the immanence of the human-spiritual-ethereal in all that man does and is.

Although Mumford has his forerunners—Coleridge, Ruskin, Carlyle, William Morris; in some respects, John Stuart Mill, William James, and Bergson; Goethe, Schiller, and Schelling—he is not derivative. The combination of ideas is his own; he has his own style of thinking and his own quality of sensitivity. He is no man's disciple, and his knowledge is so immense and diverse that he can be not only a teacher but an entire ensemble of teachers. And we are all his pupils. Whoever today speaks or writes of ecology or the environment, of the problems of science, technology, and society, has learned from Lewis Mumford. The contemporaries of Erasmus said that he was "a man born to bring back literature." One may say of Mumford that he is a man born to bring back *humanitas* and the ideal of the dignity of man: *ad restituendas humanitas natus.*

In *The Pentagon of Power* Mumford shows how different departments of life have been undermining that ideal: how industry with dull jobs, scholarship with deadening bureaucracy, art and literature and music with their cults of "anti-life—anti-order, anti-intelligence, anti-design," how so many things about us and in us have conspired to produce "empty affluence, empty idleness, empty excitement, empty sexuality." During the past half-century, he says, one thing especially has become clear: "the area of violence and irrationality, both private and institutionalized, has steadily widened."

But Mumford, it must be stressed, would not destroy the industrial machine, or throw out the fruit of the Enlightenment. He does argue, however, and with much force, that we have gone much too far in one direction, and that there is still time to stop the trend and make a critical turn in the road. Now, he says, we should pass "from power to plenitude," from mere affluence to the fullness of life. To accomplish this, we need to move from technics to biotechnics. In the interests of a richer human life, we should deliberately take back activities that we have surrendered to the machine, and consciously aim toward an organic system that will achieve "qualitative richness, amplitude, spaciousness," a system that will provide for "contraction as well as for expansion, for restrictive discipline as well as for liberation, . . . for continuity as well as for change."

"—You have all creditably completed the Guerrilla Warfare course. I will now close my eyes and slowly count to ten, during which time you will all sneak up and snatch away your diplomas."

The path of wisdom, then, is not to destroy the power system, for powerlessness offers no viable solution to our problems, and even defective human institutions cannot be built overnight. "The only way effectively to overcome the power system," says Mumford, "is to transfer its more helpful agents to an organic complex." Science and technology can be such helpful agents. They can be put in the service of man, as man works to make himself his own supreme creation.

The Pentagon of Power makes clear what it is in our social and intellectual history and our culture that Lewis Mumford and so many of us dislike and disdain, but it also points toward a world projected by his and our sympathies, admiration, and hope—a world of which William James would say: "The union of the mathematician with the poet, fervor with measure, passion with correctness, this surely is the ideal."

Milton R. Konvitz, professor of industrial and labor relations, and of law, Cornell University, is the author of "Expanding Liberties" and other books.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MEOW!

Does an author reveal himself in the way he writes about cats? If so, Harriet Benedict of Fort Wayne, Ind., feels you will have no trouble identifying the writers of the following comments. Answers on page 44.

1. Demurest of the tabby kind,
   The pensive Selima reclined. ( )
2. The cat will mew and dog will have his day. ( )
3. The Cat. He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him. ( )
4. You know . . . I don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. ( )
5. Do cats eat bats?—Do bats eat cats? ( )
6. O cat of churlish kind, / The fiend was in thy mind / When thou my bird untwined! ( )
7. When I play with my cat, who knows whether she is not amusing herself with me. ( )
8. He's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity. ( )
9. I saw a proud, mysterious cat,
   Too proud to catch a mouse or rat. ( )
10. He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
    Runcible cat with crimson whiskers. ( )

a. Lewis Carroll
b. Dickens
c. T. S. Eliot
d. Thomas Gray
e. Kipling
f. Edward Lear
g. Vachel Lindsay
h. Montaigne
i. Shakespeare
j. John Skelton

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

To their idol's house at 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C. 1, good Dickensians were flocking—and with, I suspected as I crossed the threshold, even more rapture than usual, this year being the centenary of Charles Dickens's death. In any case, this pilgrim joined them, and wandered happily through the treasure trove in the company of the faithful, for whom Dickens made his world forever their own. Has any author, anywhere at all, had more utterly devoted admirers? The band that lingered fondly over this and that memento and reminder—the china monkey he kept on his desk, the table at which he was writing *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* the day before he died—to such votaries as these nothing at all could be trivial. To one of them, at least, no relic was quite so evocative as the velvet-covered portable desk that accompanied the master on all of his public reading tours.

Was it in use at the very first of his public readings, on December 27, 1853, in the Birmingham Town Hall? I don't know, but I prefer to think so, because he chose for his début that evening *A Christmas Carol*. In the ten years since its publication it had become, as it remains today, the most popular of all his Christmas stories. Dickens's audience of 2,000 must have been almost as well acquainted with it as he was, and accordingly cherished his reading the more. For three hours they sat entranced, notes Raymund Fitzsimons in *Garish Lights: The Public Readings of Charles Dickens* (Lippincott, $6.50). They laughed and wept, as Dickens had done when he wrote the story. They cheered him so mightily that he could not help realizing fully his magnetic power over a huge crowd, even in a place where the acoustics were doubtful.

The sentiment of the season surely had something to do with that rousing première. Dickens and the Christmas spirit: they were as one, then as they are today. Everybody in that first audience who was of reading age, and children who had been read to at family firesides, must have had happy memories from the pages of Dickens. The Pickwickians at Dingley Dell at Christmas time, celebrating the wedding of Mr. Wardle's daughter. The wassail-touched merriment of "A Christmas Dinner" in *Sketches by Boz*: "Reflect upon your present blessings. . . not your past misfortunes—fill your glass again, with a merry face and a contented heart." "There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas." Tiny Tim's timeless "God bless us, every one," and Ebenezer Scrooge's recantation, "I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year."

But who, excepting some latter-day critical curmudgeons who resemble no one so much as the early Scrooge himself, could *not* love *A Carol*? It deserved Thackeray's salute: "It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man and woman who reads it, a special kindness." To Stephen Leacock the reformed Scrooge, sitting cheerily at his window, was looking out upon "a new world that is open to each of us at any moment at the mere cost of opening the windows of the soul." And so on. To Dickens himself it was particularly satisfying, conceived as it was when the opening magazine installments of *Martin Chuzzlewit* appeared to threaten a failure. "None of his stories did he more utterly live as it poured itself out of him," his major modern biographer, Edgar Johnson, tells us in *Charles Dickens* (Little, Brown, $17.50). The pouring out occupied only a month, in the course of which Dickens walked a dozen miles a night through the streets of London, thinking out the next day's stint. It was his own best Christmas present to himself and to the world.

However, back to Birmingham and the 1853 Yuletide when he became a platform artist to rank with the great actors of his century. Three nights later he read *A Carol* again, this time before an audience that included 2,500 working men and women. These, he thought, were his best listeners during that momentous week, says Professor Johnson, citing a letter from Dickens to a friend: "They lost nothing, misinterpreted nothing, followed everything closely, laughed and cried. . . and animated me to that extent that I felt as if we were all bodily going up into the clouds together."

—From "The World of Charles Dickens"

What would you not give to have been there that night? As Hesketh Pearson, himself a former actor, observed in his sprightly chronicle *Charles Dickens: His Character, Comedy, and Career*, he had reached the point all actors dream of: he was playing every role in the show. "With the opening words," Pearson imagines, "a hush fell upon the audience. . . . 'Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that.' The words had the effect of a trumpet blast."

The Birmingham working-class audience that heard that trumpet blast 117 years ago had a special reason of their own to appreciate the parable that followed. Doubtless they reveled in its humor and pathos, as did their well-to-do Victorian fellow-citizens. But, far more acutely than the latter, they could feel the full horror of what Angus Wilson, in one of the outstanding books of the Dickens centennial year, *The World of Charles Dickens* (Viking, $12.95), pinpoints as Scrooge's terrible vision of the two children, the boy called Ignorance, the girl called Want. The passion with which Dickens must have read two short lines as the passage ended lingers on this long time after:

> "Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.
>
> "Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit. "Are there no work-houses?"

When Dickens said his working-class audience "lost nothing, misinterpreted nothing" in *A Carol*, he was saying that they found more here than plum-pudding festivity and Scrooge's redemption. They themselves knew only too well the horrors of exploitation as embodied in Scrooge's callous greed and all it implied, in the case of his poor clerk Bob Cratchit, of man treated as a mere economic unit to be used without concern for his existence as a human being. They knew all about children worked to death, and the unemployable sick cast aside, and the poor for whom there could be no education. So *A Carol* is an indictment of a heartless system as well as a carol of love and hope. Who can be surprised that it lives on and on both in its eternal glow and in the shadows just beneath its surface?

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Leafing Beneath the Christmas Tree

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

It's a bonus year for the very young; most of the new juvenile books are intended for their holiday enjoyment. Among the best of the fanciful tales is *How Spider Saved Christmas*, by Robert Kraus (Windmill/Simon & Schuster, $3.95), an airy piece of amusing nonsense. Another animal story, Stan and Jan Berenstain's *The Bears' Christmas* (Random House, $1.95), describes Father Bear's spills and pratfalls as he tries to show his son how to use skis, sled, and skates. *A Treasury of Santa Mouse*, by Michael Brown (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95), consists of three stories, all coy and cute, that have already been published separately.

Santa Makes a Change, by Sol Chaneles (Parents' Magazine Press, $3.95), tells of Santa's decision to get new clothes. His helpers comment while he tries on assorted costumes and, predictably, prefer the familiar old red suit. Fernando Krahn's *How Santa Claus Had a Long and Difficult Journey Delivering His Presents* (Delacorte, $3.95) has no words, but the pictures of Santa floundering in the snow, and finally propelled by angels, make the story clear. Yutaka Sugita's *Wake Up, Little Tree* (Nelson, $3.95), a rather vapid fantasy, depicts a dove and a deer trimming a Christmas tree.

Jane Thayer's *Gus Was a Christmas Ghost* (Morrow, $3.75) is a cheery story about an amiable small ghost who thaws a dour man's heart with his kindness and his cooking. In somber contrast, *Elvira Everything*, by Frank Asch (Harper & Row, $2.95), concerns a little girl who is consumed with jealousy because Elvira, her doll, can do everything better than she can. Even her parents seem to prefer the doll, so she destroys it.

A more realistic doll story is *Elizabeth*, by Liesel Moak Skorpen (Harper & Row, $2.95). Here, too, a child is disappointed with her gift, but her feelings change to protective love. The illustrations by Martha Alexander are charming. In Don Bolognese's *A New Day* (Delacorte, $4.50) José and Maria, migrant workers, can find no haven but a gas station for the birth of their child. Workers, hippie musicians, and passers-by hold an impromptu celebration.

Erik and the Christmas Horse, by Hans Peterson, translated from the Swedish by Christine Hyatt (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $3.95), is a placid story about a toy horse given to a child by an elderly delivery man to whom he has been kind. Puppy tales and kitten books may be obligatory Christmas fare, but both Hardie Gramatky's *Happy's Christmas* (Putnam, $4.50) and *The Christmas Kitten*, by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll (Walck, $3.50), are pedestrian. Marylou Reifsnyder's *The Golden Cup* (Knopf, $4.50), based on a ninth-century miracle story, tells of a boy who had been kidnaped in a raid and was brought back to his parents by St. Nicholas when they celebrated his day despite their grief. *The Legend of St. Nicholas*, by Verena Morgenthaler, translated from the Swiss original by Refna Wilkin (Walck, $7), recounts the life of the saint in reverent but dreary style.

Bridging the gap between small listeners and independent readers are the simply written books about the Nativity. The plum in this year's pudding is Jean Merrill and Ronni Solbert's *Mary, Come Running* (McCall, $4.95), a gay and endearing Gypsy version of the first Christmas, based on an old Spanish carol. A Swedish folk song, translated by Ross Shideler, provides the source for *Staffan* (Parnassus, $3.25), the story of a stable boy on Christmas night. The rhyme is faulty in translation, but the glowing pictures by Nicolas Sidjakov are handsome. Both books include musical notation. *Every Man Heart Lay Down*, by Lorenz Graham (Crowell, $3.75), tenderly tells of the birth of Jesus in African dialect, with stylized pictures. *They Followed the Star*, written and illustrated by Stepan Zavrel (Scroll Press, $3.95), a tale of the three wise men, is laboriously written but illustrated with paintings in brilliant color. *The First Christmas*, by John Paris (Random House, $1.95), contains five brief stories narrated by different participants—all, alas, quite mediocre.

The Thai setting for *The Chrisamat Tree*, by Mary Laugesen (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.95), provides its only distinction. Having attended a Christmas party at an American military camp, Muan searches for a tree so that he may give a party in turn. The easy-to-read stories in Carolyn Haywood's *Merry Christmas from Betsy* (Morrow, $4.75) are family-centered and sedate. Another collection, *Christmas Stories Round the World*, edited in a revised edition by Lois Johnson (Rand McNally, $3.95), provides varied fare suitable for children aged 8-11.

Within this age range, too, are the next half-dozen books, only one of which is nonfiction: Lillie Patterson's *A Holiday Book: Christmas in Britain and Scandinavia* (Garrard, $2.59), prosaic but informative; a new edition of

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Hans Christian Andersen's *The Fir Tree* (Harper & Row, $3.95), delicately illustrated by Nancy Burkert; *The Christmas Book*, compiled by James Reeves (Dutton, $5.95), reviewed in *SR* Dec. 21, 1968, and now reissued with eight new full-page illustrations in color; *Libby's Uninvited Guest*, by Catherine Woolley (Morrow, $4.25), in which a Christmas visit to Cape Cod is complicated by a mysterious crime wave; Rosalie K. Fry's *Snowed Up* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95), a livelier tale with an English country setting; *The Conscience Pudding* (Coward-McCann, $3.29), an excerpt—with delightful period pictures by Erik Blegvad—from an Edith Nesbit book about the still-entertaining Bastable children creating havoc.

Two sentimental stories originally written for adult magazines have been issued as children's books: Luise Putcamp, Jr.'s *The Christmas Carol Miracle* (Abingdon, $2.95), about an orphanage choir, and Dale Eunson's *The Day They Gave Babies Away* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95), about a newly orphaned brood of six. *Taliesin and King Arthur*, by Ruth Robbins (Parnassus, $3.75), describes the Christmas contest among the bards at Arthur's court. Earl Hamner's *The Homecoming* (Random House, $4.95) is another story of the folk of Spencer's Mountain.

Finally, a book published for adults but alluring to many adolescents, the *Farm Journal Christmas Book*, edited by Kathryn Larson (Doubleday, $5.95), gives instructions for making gifts and decorations. You may want to try them yourself.

Do You Know What I Know? *Written and illustrated by Helen Borten. Abelard-Schuman.* 40 *pp.* $4.95. A variety of illustrative techniques are used to extend the child's concepts of how we perceive things with our five senses. The rhyming text moves briskly and often humorously through a series of impressions: "I can tell just by the smell/when fresh paint is on a wall/ when a skunk has paid a call . . . I find out lots of things just by tasting/I know/a carrot is sweet/so is a beet/a lemon is sour/an onion has power . . . ." For the young child this is an invitation to sharpen his developing awareness of his physical environment. Ages 4-8.

Toucans Two and Other Poems. *By Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by José Aruego. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. Here and there, through the swinging rhythm of these nonsense poems about animals, there glimmers some vestige of sense, but not enough to spoil the fun. For example: "Fish have fins and fish have tails/fish have skins concealed by scales/Fish are seldom found on land/Fish would rather swim than stand." The illustrations are big, uncluttered, a bit awkward, and appropriately comic. Ages 5-8.

In the Night Kitchen. *Written and illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row.* 42 *pp.* $4.95. What does a small boy dream of when the night is still and the familiar kitchen waits for morning? This is Mickey's dream: falling out of bed, past the moon, he slides out of his clothes and into the brightness and bustle of the night kitchen, where the bakers (three Oliver Hardys) chant as they mix, and bake Mickey in a cake. But he pops out, protesting, beats dough into the shape of an airplane, and flies off to get the milk the bakers need. He finds the Milky Way, saves the bakers, and plummets back into the peace of a hero's sleep. The colors are soft, the drawing impeccable, the details humorous and fanciful. Ages 5-8.

Try It Again, Sam: Safety When You Walk. *By Judith Viorst. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Lothrop.* 39 *pp.* $3.75. He was too small, everybody said, to go anywhere by himself, but Sam felt he was ready. And then the day came when his mother was busy and decided Sam could walk over to his friend's house alone, if he watched the cars, obeyed the traffic lights, and promised to turn right around and come home if anything went wrong. Well, things did: he ran into the street after a ball, he tied his shoelace at an intersection, he bumped somebody with his umbrella. Each time he went home. It grew late, but finally, proudly, Sam did it. The book makes no bones about being a safety lesson, but the light, lively writing makes it pleasant as well as instructive, and the humor is echoed in the illustrations. The story ends with a list of primary rules for pedestrian safety. Ages 5-8.

Anna and the Baby Buzzard. *By Helga Sandburg. Illustrated by Brinton Turkle. Dutton.* 44 *pp.* $4.75. Anna was eight and her brother six the day they found two baby buzzards in a cave. Anna decided to take one home, but Carl was sure she wouldn't be permitted to keep it. "Nobody anywhere ever likes a buzzard," he warned. Anna promised her father to feed the chickens and hunt eggs, and told her mother she would do the breakfast dishes every day if she were allowed to keep the bird. "Glory" was the unlikely name she chose for the buzzard, which followed her wherever she went—until it grew to a six-foot wingspread, and flew off to join its kind. The taming of a wild pet that must be given up when it reaches maturity is a theme that has been used many times, but this book (based on an episode in the author's childhood) has the ring of authenticity, and the warm and affectionate illustrations are charming. Ages 6-8.

The Erie Canal. *Illustrated by Peter Spier. Doubleday.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. Vivid, evocative, funny, and informative are a lot of adjectives for a book that simply illustrates a song. But *The Erie Canal* is all these: its pages are filled with action, authentic period detail, and humorous touches in the scenes of busy towns and bustling canal boats. The music is provided at the back of the book, following a page of information based on the questions most frequently asked by children visiting the Canal Museum in Syracuse. Ages 7-11.

ABC's of the Ocean. *By Isaac Asimov. Illustrated with photographs and diagrams. Walker.* 48 *pp.* $4.50. Although this is not a comprehensive summary, it covers many aspects of oceanology and serves as a fascinating introduction to the subject. Two topics are pictured and briefly described under each letter of the alphabet (Aquanaut and Aquaculture, Buoy and Bore, Continental Shelf and Current, etc.), with phonetic spellings for the more difficult words. The text is knowledgeable, the diagrams adequately interpreted, and the photographs sharp and clear. Large type and tidy format are visual assets, with only one page (blue-green print on black background) difficult to read. Ages 8-10.

Man in Space to the Moon. *By Franklyn M. Branley. Illustrated by Louis Glanzman. Crowell.* 38 *pp.* $3.75. With just enough appreciative comment and historical background to keep the book from being arid, Franklyn Branley gives a detailed and accurate report of the Apollo 11 mission. There is some discussion of the importance of the data gathered, but the book is primarily devoted to what happened: the stages of flight and the manipulation of modules; how the three astronauts ate, slept, disposed of human waste; the mechanics of landing and communication with Mission Control; investigation on the moon, and the details of the return flight, re-entry, and recovery. One of the best books on the subject, it is dignified enough for slow older readers, though primarily intended for ages 9-11.

Red Hawk's Account of Custer's Last Battle. *Written and illustrated by Paul and Dorothy Goble. Pantheon.* 63 *pp.* $4.50. In 1876 General Sheridan planned a three-pronged attack on the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes camped along the Little Big Horn. Custer, despite the warning of his scouts, attacked a day ahead of schedule and was routed by the superior numbers and fierce fighting of the Indians. Fifteen-year-old Red Hawk, who describes the battle, is a fictional character, but the details are reliable and, in this stripped and somber account, his story is dramatic and convincing. It was too late, he ends sorrowfully; the Indian's cause was already lost. The illustrations, which are sharp and clean, are vividly stylized in bright colors. Ages 9-12.

(*Continued on page* 67)

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EFRAIM'S BOOK

by Alfred Andersch
translated from the German by Ralph Manheim

Doubleday, 306 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Clements

■ The phrase "search for identity" is now so overworked that one seeks every means to avoid using it. Yet if ever a novel warranted the phrase, it is Alfred Andersch's story of the German-Jewish journalist Efraim, who fled from Hitler's Germany, and has been working for years for a London newspaper. His identity bewilders him: "When I consider how absurd it is that I was a German and became an Englishman but am still a Jew, it seems to me that I might just as well be a Russian or a Masai." Most of the first-person narrative alternates between Efraim's tortured examinations of his inner self and his reports from Rome, Berlin, and London. This powerful book, which won the Nelly Sachs Prize for 1968, shows that the effects of Hitler by no means ended with the crushing of Nazism. Many Jews over forty retain not only scars, but open wounds.

Efraim was born in 1914 (the same year as Andersch) to a comfortable, middle-class family in Berlin. Before his parents were shipped off to the gas chambers of Auschwitz, he was sent to England, and later fought with the British on the Italian front. He sympathized with communism until the Stalinist betrayal.

Back in England, Efraim marries a *shiksa*, Meg, who has come to London to be a newspaper photographer. In order to enjoy Meg's favors more conveniently, Efraim's employer, Keir Horne, sends him on assignments all the way to Vietnam. In Rome Efraim dallies with prostitutes, and in Berlin he starts an affair with Anna, a "Maoist" nineteen years his junior, who might have brought him happiness. But she jilts him after they watch a students' riot against *Die Revue* (read *Der Spiegel*) because he approves what she considers their restrained tactics. Although Anna does not realize it, Efraim's political views are far more cynical than hers. He writes of her and her father: "Their left-wing banalities bored me. Undoubtedly Keir's subtle Hellenistic hypothesis—that Satan lived and ruled the world—was on a higher level."

Thus, four major characters and their interactions support the drama of the book, each portrait splendidly drawn with ample shading: Keir Horne, the Scot from Argyllshire, the snuff-taking man-at-the-top, always Efraim's evil daimon; Meg, a pitiable wife forced by Efraim's marital irresponsibility to earn her own living and to advance her career in the beds of influential editors and movie producers; young Anna, a would-be actress who wants to carry the revolution to the stage, playing Brecht roles, but avoids the Berliner Ensemble because "if she'd moved to East Berlin, she'd have had to stay there"; finally, Efraim himself, "all skin and bone, the asthenic type," a memorable creation—a Gimpel with an education and a well-stamped passport.

A fifth character drifts through the pages like a wraith—Esther, the illegitimate child of Keir and a Berlin Jewess. The fate of Esther troubles Efraim, and, whereas he can accept the fact that Keir has cuckolded him, he is shattered by the revelation that Keir has refused to send for his half-Jewish daughter.

Every day affords Efraim new reminders of his Jewishness, some dramatic, some trivial, some ironic. Revisiting his confiscated boyhood home on Bismarckstrasse, he watches the matron of the house burst into tears of guilt and swear that she and her husband will give it up. Anna tells him, "I'd be nicer to you than to somebody who's not a Jew." Talking with a tailor in Rome, Efraim assumes that the other is a Catholic, while he himself is taken for an Anglican, or at any rate a Christian. Only when the tailor observes that the Messiah has yet to come is the true identity of both established. On another occasion a friend is obliged to correct him. "You think I am a Jew, Efraim. But I'm a *goy*."

Efraim rebels at the suggestion that the new State of Israel might offer a solution to his identity problem: "I have no intention of letting myself be shut up in that super-ghetto that we are voluntarily building for ourselves. . . . I prefer to build my own ghetto, a Jew among goyim, respected or despised, liked or disliked, it doesn't matter. All I ask for is a safe-conduct." The analogy of the Wandering Jew, applied to Efraim by German reviewers in 1967, is an understandable oversimplification.

Andersch's book is a stylistic tour de force, surpassing his earlier prize-winning novels, such as *Sansibar* (1957). The leisured narrative of time past is cleverly woven together with flashbacks, repetitions, echoes, and cinematic techniques. "Lord, what digressions I've indulged in. Memories are overgrowing the present and will stifle it if I don't watch out." Like Svevo's Zeno, whom he resembles in many ways, Efraim views his pages as an inchoate mass of notes without conclusion or resolution. "It's finished, that's all. How strange!"

The book is a tour de force for another reason. While Andersch suffered under Hitler and spent six months in Dachau for having been an organizer for the KPD (German Communist Party), one would think that only a Jew who had experienced Efraim's vicissitudes could have expressed them with such understanding and empathy in this "autobiography." But Alfred Andersch, son of a German army officer who supported Hindenburg's chief-of-staff, the anti-Semitic General Erich von Ludendorff, would have to say to the astonished reader, "You think I am a Jew. But I am a *goy*."

Ralph Manheim, mastering equally well the literary language and the new German slang, proves once again that translators are born, not made.

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A WINTER IN THE HILLS

by John Wain

Viking, 383 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster

■ The story opens with the protagonist, Roger Furnivall, at the grave of his brother. Forty, middling poor, unmarried and unattached, Roger looks back with meager satisfaction upon the years he spent caring for the incurably ill Geoffrey, and hopes for a future that will include women and a career at the University of Uppsala, where there's a large Department of Celtic Literature and where his ability as a philologist may be appreciated.

What happens to him at Llancrwys in Wales, where he goes to learn Welsh, is not what he expects. He cannot find anyone friendly enough to speak the language with him, and he fails miserably in two diffident efforts at seduction. He is kept at an amiable distance by Gareth, the one bus owner who has successfully resisted Dic Sharp's un-

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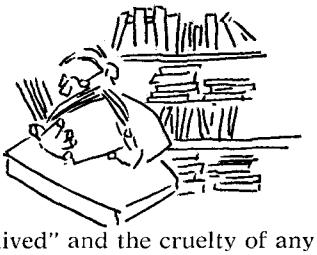
scrupulous efforts to form a monopoly, and by Ivo and Gito, bus owners who have capitulated; by Madog, who has written an epic about the exploitation of ethnic groups, and by the hotel receptionist, Rhiannon Jones, who seems variously to be "a creature of *la dolce vita*" and a desirable "city of flesh."

But things improve. Gareth hires him as ticket-taker on the bus. Then, thrown out of his lodgings through Dic Sharp's influence and beaten up by Sharp's thugs, Roger is accepted by the locals whom Sharp does not control. He becomes the friend of Gareth and his blind mother. They and others stop answering his Welsh with English. He even succeeds, almost, in getting Jenny Twyford to sleep with him.

Thereafter, though there's plenty of conflict and violence, Roger gets on still better. He helps the busmen to free themselves from Sharp's monopoly. He makes friends with Madog, the prime mover in a Celtic Colloquium attended by Bretons, Welsh, Irish, and some unruly Scots. Madog helps Roger to get Jenny a job, to enable her to support her two children until Roger and she decide whether they can live together in moderate happiness.

I've tried to be fair to John Wain's eighth novel in this summary. It is much better than *Hurry On Down*, which, with Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* and John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, made "angry young men" a fashionable phrase. The chief character, Roger, is sympathetic if not deeply realized. The points of the book—the loneliness of a forty-year-old who has



not "lived" and the cruelty of any sort of imperialism that takes away ethnic autonomy—are valuable. Still, I do not feel that *A Winter in the Hills* is more than mildly edifying entertainment.

The action, unfortunately, reads like a combination of a Western in which the Cherokees are the good guys and a faintly titillating tale of sexual adventure aimed at a popular magazine. Even this could have been made palatable if Mr. Wain had taken more care with the writing than is apparent. Clichés and showy phrases roll unhappily off his typewriter: The bus "sighs out the heat from the engine in the fine morning air." Jenny, a mother of two, is seen as "Lissome . . . delicate . . . unmarked and ready for life." Describing a youthful affair of Roger's, Mr. Wain writes that the girl "had panted and shivered and been his."

Mr. Wain is never meretricious. And the ideas he conveys, in spite of the flat narrative and clumsily jointed plot, *are* important. Perhaps that is what maddens. Why doesn't Mr. Wain present his themes more engagingly? Are his novels only hacked out to keep the pot boiling, and is his true métier the good poetry and excellent criticism he has written and will, I trust, continue to write?

Harvey Curtis Webster is a member of the English Department at the University of Louisville.

DOCTOR COBB'S GAME

by R. V. Cassill

Bernard Geis, 532 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

■ "If sex were all," observed Wallace Stevens, "then every trembling hand/ Could make us squeak, like dolls, the wished-for words." But sex isn't all, in literature or life. We need intelligence, knowledge, style—all lacking in this shoddily conceived and shoddily written book.

The story is based on the Profumo affair, when Britain's Minister of War dabbled briefly in schoolboy eroticism, lied about it, and was brought down by prudence, prudery, and yellow journalism. Cassill might have shown us—as President Nixon does when he pettishly shuffles his hirelings—the emptiness and banality of public life. And, indeed, he has done so—but unintentionally. Cassill's Minister of War is mere cardboard, and the Minister's wife is given to such deep thoughts as this:

"War or peace, soldiers could not be shooting all the time. There was more to war than that. There was the approach. Then contact. Countdown. Then fire.

"She was not a woman to be chilled by this realization."

The Minister is laid—low—by a prostitute sent by the novel's central character, a pimp named Michael Cobb, "an artist as well as a physician. . . . Besides that, all the newspaper-reading world knew that his night life, social life, sex life had been lived on an epic scale." The prostitute is "his brainchild, his invention, his whim . . . Cecile Banner." The Minister's fall, therefore, is Cobb's work; or, as Cassill puts it, "Weird and eerie—unthinkable—as it would appear, . . . the power sufficient to shake a mighty government had come from or through one strange man of genius, Michael Cobb."

As that silly prose suggests, Cassill takes these cheap-fiction types seriously, or pretends to, mainly for the sake of some of the phoniest sex available outside grammar-school pornography. But Meaningful, of course. At one point, for instance, the fifty-year-old Cobb, his teen-aged groupie, a pudgy playwright, and the latter's wife (a mother of four) fumble interminably over, under, and through each other, after which Cobb announces: "We opened new doors of perception. . . . We saw beyond the veil of appearances. We woke from a bad dream into a better reality. We've begun the Great Work the alchemists dreamed of."

You guessed it—Cobb is a Sex Magician. Oh, wow! Unfortunately, he and Cassill know a lot less about sex than Rasputin did, or Aleister Crowley, or you, or that retarded teenager down the block. In fact, Cassill on *any* sort of psychology is curious. Sample these tidbits: "It excited her so much she pretended not to understand." Another character experiences "relaxation into despair and fright." A third suffers from some strange allergy: "This slyness . . . made Bart Collingwood sneeze with delight."

The jacket blurb speaks of the book's "rich, allusive prose." For richness, savor any quotation above, or consider the Irish boy who manages to say "keep them," "for them," "watch them," "with them," and "told them" before going ethnic-moronic with "catch'm," "trained'm," "gave'm," and even "with'm." (The other, less ambitious characters, whether American or British, speak flat, slightly ungrammatical Amurr'c'n.) Allusive? Cassill tries. "Lady Kyteler requested [Cobb's] presence at a dinner in honor of Robert Artisson," for instance. (See Yeats's "Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen.") But usually his attempts don't come off. One character wears a pilot suit "with the name-tag Aircraftsman L. Shaw." Cute, but T. E. Lawrence's pseudonyms were J. H. Ross and T. E. Shaw. There and elsewhere Cassill is just plain sloppy: Aleister Crowley comes out "Alistair"; Bishop Latimer's speech to Nicholas Ridley is here spoken to "Bodley"; Lyndon Johnson's middle name is spelled "Baine"; Keats and Shakspeare are misquoted; Yeats's play *The Words Upon the Window Pane* is here "The Writing on the Windowpane," and Goethe's *"Das Ewig-Weibliche"* becomes *"der ewig weiblich."* All the naughty words, however, are spelled correctly, and used repetitively, and wasted totally.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Concerto by Levy, Solti, and Wild; the Comic Art of Tito Gobbi

CHICAGO.

NOT MANY AMERICAN cities can offer, to a pre-holiday visitor, the option of a previously unheard piano concerto or an evening at the opera. Of the two that can, not even New York can currently challenge the kind of orchestral artistry being offered under the direction of Georg Solti, or the consummate comic artistry of Tito Gobbi in one of his greatest operatic roles. Clearly Chicago doesn't have the right kind of publicists, or perhaps the right mayor.

After a term of service under the direction of Jean Martinon, the Chicago Symphony is once more under a firm Hungarian hand. Georg Solti's gives every indication of having acquired, from the great instrument created by the late Fritz Reiner, something of that legendary expert's refinement and finesse. Commitment and passion Solti has always had in more than moderate measure. Now, it would appear, he has added to them the poise and discretion that always define the sorcerer from the apprentice. If some of this has come from his association with the fine body of players Reiner bequeathed to Chicago, it is a rare instance of the tutor being tutored and the more credit to him for having the wisdom to learn.

Some part of this interchange was intimated in the performance of Marvin David Levy's Piano Concerto (optimistically captioned No. 1), which shared the program with the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner. Whatever else this new work may be, it is not a simple score to clarify, but the light that illuminated the (sometime) musical murk was not provided by Commonwealth Edison. It emerged from the highly productive interplay of equals made up of pianist Earl Wild, the orchestra, and conductor Solti. One corner that remained unilluminated was that containing an answer to the query: Which is the real Marvin Levy —the composer of this intricate, sometimes turgid, and never very free-flowing work or the one responsible for the simply conceived, well-formulated *Mourning Becomes Electra* introduced to New York during the first season of the new Metropolitan? It is understandable, in view of some of the critical disdain that greeted his treatment of O'Neill, that Levy should be smarting to establish himself as a composer of reputable credentials. However, it was hardly imperative that he give up the independence of viewpoint that, to me, characterized the opera merely to qualify as a member of the avant-garde. The truth is the real avant-garde has already left Levy's latest kind of compositional charade behind and may be veering toward the simplicity Levy has forsworn. The work was, in any case, superbly served by Wild, Solti, and orchestra.

The affinity with the orchestra that Solti has established in two brief Chicago seasons was graphically, if invisibly, demonstrated during the scherzo of the Bruckner, in which he trusted the brass to perform its part of a dialogue with the strings without so much as a cautioning hand wave. But there were other, more subtle personifications of the same mutual sympathy as Solti traced in revealing detail an uncommonly sophisticated statement of a work in which heart is often misconstrued as hearty. There are, in any work occupying so much a world of its own as does this symphony, a variety of paths by which to arrive at fulfillment. Solti's was to hold the low end to an uncommon level of softness so that the climaxes were neither overblown nor dense. This may have disappointed some Bruckner faddists looking for the conventional excesses, but it may very well have converted, through the beauty of playing by such fine soloists as flutist Donald Peck, first cellist Frank Miller, oboist Ray Still, and principal clarinetist Clark Brody, some who were doubters at the outset.

For those whose experience of Tito Gobbi has not included his portrait of Puccini's Gianni Schicchi, it was worth a journey to Chicago for this pleasure alone. As the wily Florentine who uses the cupidity of the deceased Donati's relatives to draw a new will (in his own favor), Gobbi has a rich opportunity to indulge all his talents for mimicry, vocal coloration, and sheer devilry. In some circumstances, this order of artistry would have made a one-man show of what is basically an ensemble work. But General Manager Carol Fox has had the good judgment to indulge Gobbi's talents (as well as ambitions) for stage direction, with an outcome that spread his rare kind of invention among the dozen others.

Thus there was relevant style from players as diverse as the able Paolo Washington as Simone and the tyke who portrayed his tiny son Marco (Giorgio Georgetti); likewise the expert Muriel Greenspon, who learned her comic artistry for Zita at the New York City Opera; the pleasantly light-voiced Ottavio Garaventa (Rinuccio); and Lydia Marimpietri, a petite soprano with something of the quality of Licia Albanese, as Lauretta. It would not be too surprising to learn that Gobbi had some influence on the conducting, for under Bruno Bartoletti's direction the music had more contour, less haste than may often be the case. A good, simple set by Lorenzo Ghiglia also contributed to the quality results.

Much about this *Gianni Schicchi* could have served as an object lesson to the producers of Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* (which made it an evening of grand guignol and commedia dell' arte). It was unendingly complicated by an overelaborate scenic scheme by Virginio Puecher, who also directed what must be called the inaction. It utilized a divided set piece (at the back) that opened into two wing-like flat surfaces on which were displayed images appropriate to the successive chambers of horrors the new wife Judith insists on visiting. When it all worked, the outcome was impressive, but there was too narrow a margin of safety between success and failure, which resulted in some of each as the hour-long work went its way. At the end, when the whole set was a shimmering surface of metallic light, it made a striking effect.

Bluebeard's Castle is, of course, frequently performed in concert form, and such excellent performers as the Scottish David Ward (Bluebeard) and Janis Martin as his inquisitive wife (if the tautology may be forgiven) might have fared even better alone. Miss Martin has matured mightily since she was heard at the old Met as an Auditions Winner in minor minor roles, her voice now focused to a well-pointed beam of mezzo sound quite distinctive in character. Conductor Bartoletti was not as much at home in Bartók as in Puccini.

The Lyric management also extended itself to provide its public with the uncommon pleasure of Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri,* well set by Emanuele Luzzati and admirably conducted by Argeo Quadri, a thoroughgoing stylist. However, his valiant effort and the vocal resources of a cast that included Marilyn Horne (Isabella), Giuseppe Taddei (Mustafà), Marimpietri (Elvira), and Garaventa (Lindoro) were offset by the determined burlesque of stage director Lofti Mansouri. He had a more than willing ally in Miss Horne, whose virtuoso singing prompted her to every coy and simpering excess to which a characterization could be subjected. The audience loved it.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Art: For Fun or Fulfillment?

DURING A BRIEF TRIP to Europe last month, I was struck by two loan exhibitions that were attracting unusually large crowds, but that were oriented on such totally different premises as to point up the catholicity of present-day taste. Due to various reasons, but especially to the effects of mass media, modern museum techniques, and increased educational opportunities, public interest in all types of art is an accelerating phenomenon these days. Indicative are the two shows I speak of—an immense hot-off-the-griddle kinetic roundup in London and a compact Goya retrospective in Paris. Together they posed the proverbial questions: Is art chiefly a means of entertainment, is it a medium for deeper fulfillment, or can it be both?

One Saturday morning I visited the Hayward Gallery, a relatively new and imposingly ugly modern museum on the banks of the Thames. There a kinetic exhibition to out-kineticize all others was on view or, should I say, was in operation. Jangling, twisting, banging, ringing, spouting, moaning, flashing, these myriad works from many countries were, as a rule, geared to electrical motors, some of which, not surprisingly, were out of order. The place was jammed with swingers, parents, and ecstatic children, all manipulating the objects with relish, particularly droves of small boys fascinated by a magnetized work that coughed up nails, another that shimmied itself into near hysterics, and still others that responded to light and sound stimuli. Don't get the idea, however, that this extensive show devoted to real rather than suggested motion was all fun and frolic.

The exhibition started with a serious explanatory preface in the form of a large talking wall where stills and movies recorded the historical development of kinetic art. The wall itself was a kinetic or, more precisely, a frenetic experience, for so much was going on simultaneously that only an alert initiate could have sorted it out. Occasionally, the show went beyond novelty and sensation to offer works of prophetic, poetic, and disturbing profundity. I specifically recall Nicolas Schöffer's multiplicity of reflected images moving majestically and irrefutably across spheres of vision; I think of Tinguely's madly gesticulating fountain, a voracious device so compulsively driven that to watch it became an obsession. It was not so much that this water-erupting machine looked human; more important, it acted human. There was also Pol Bury's construction imperceptibly rearranging itself in a darkly disturbing ambience. The direct opposite of Tinguely's mechanism, this one was less mortal but no less persistent—a secret recessive object of hidden power.

More often, however, electronics and technology took over. Content was submerged in method. Tricks, shocks, and mechanical effects turned the show into a kind of joyous carnival. It was fun; it was provocative; it was, above all, contemporary, and yet was it? For, today when art trends change with the weather and the cry is "down with painting and sculpture," this kinetic whirligig seemed almost old-fashioned. It had structure; it still remained in the realm of the possible, depending as it did on familiar materials and motors. In comparison, certain works, ideas, concepts, projections (call them what you will) recently promoted in New York make London's show look like rationality itself. I think of such "performances" as:

"One hundred cubes carried by six artists along a Chicago street."

An exhibition that claimed to be "the first ever to use whole blood as the main esthetic element in a sculptural system."

"A concrete construction employing the kinetic energy of the winds in Maui, Hawaii."

"A mowing of Lady Miriam Fairchild's pure Kentucky Bluegrass lawns in Windsor, England, in the same pattern for one year, causing the grass to grow in this pattern."

All of which explains why the kinetic show might be considered relatively traditional. At least it existed corporeally; it could be seen, touched, and even heard. Everyone in London was debating whether these works were "art" or merely technological exercises; whether as a group they offered more than a giddy confrontation with tangible activity; whether they were able to project the visual beyond purely optical sensations. And, to be sure, many of them were limited to such baldly extroverted activities that even little boys could respond immediately and vociferously. But it was not just the simple-mindedness that attracted the children; they enjoyed the active participation, the pushing of buttons, the controlling of light beams, the stepping on treadles. They became integral parts of the exhibition as they tangled with the electronics that were basic to the show and to their own daily lives. Here they found objects performing amusing rituals in familiar trappings, yet remaining reassuringly repetitious. And for this reason the exhibition was tedious at times.

Curiously, the more the machines identified with human behavior, the more interesting they became. The purely mechanistic objects that in no way related to the foibles of man seemed unable to compete with real technology or to extend its boundaries. However, when these kinetic constructions introduced unpredictable reactions, when they breathed in and out, when they quivered and responded like living organisms, they assumed new proportions and offered the viewer more complicated levels of meaning. Indeed, the less they perpetuated themselves, the less sterile they became.

This same humanness gave the Goya show in Paris its unique hold on the enraptured audiences that assaulted the Orangerie, audiences almost exclusively adult. Pouring in over the lunch hour and talking in a profusion of languages, these visitors were as "turned on" as the little boys in London. The Goya paintings had been borrowed from all over Europe and America, though some of the Prado's most renowned canvases were conspicuously absent, because (rumor had it) of present-day astronomical insurance rates, a fact that underlines the precariousness of future loan exhibitions. Making up for this lack were several little-known canvases from Spanish private collections, often family portraits of extraordinary intensity.

It was this intensity coupled with Goya's diabolical understanding of human nature that made the show a shattering experience. One saw oneself everywhere. And this was not "fun," but it *was* challenging. There was little need to know when or where the artist had lived (yet both facts are otherwise relevant) in order to react to his work. From the early crisp genre scenes to the loose dark paintings of his old age, Goya concerned himself with the vagaries of mankind. Although no revelation was too shocking for him, he never fully broke with the canons of eighteenth-century formality. Depending on the situation, he could be equally at home with subtle innuendo or unvarnished fact, for it was

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—*The Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego*

Goya's portrait of the Marqués de Sofraga—"his sitters are left without a shred on them . . . ."

through specific individuals that he summarized the whole of mankind. And since these individuals were often powerful people of high rank, Goya invented subterfuges to lay bare their frailties. Everywhere—in official portraits, in war and madhouse scenes, in allegories and royal family groups—he uncovered the vanities of his fellow men, but invested these flawed creatures with such vitality as to make them emblems of enduring life. A trenchant social commentator, he paradoxically relied on technical refinements to project vitriolic ideas. This combination produced a strong brew. I find myself remembering two small paintings lent to the Paris show by the Museum of Besançon, both of them explosive chronicles of savagery. Each, appropriately titled "Scene of Cannibalism," graphically described acts of sadism. Men greedily devouring each other exhume entrails of human corpses, and gnaw at arms and legs while indulging in other debauched rites. Yet, each brush stroke has a certain restrained elegance. And the underlying draftsmanship, always a miracle of expressive control, gives unequivocal authority to the painted horrors. Well over a hundred and fifty years ago Goya was indulging in the same kind of controversial frankness prevalent today and for the same reason—protest. Moreover, he was protesting what we too are protesting: the immorality of war, the hypocrisy of power, the bestiality of man. If Goya's indictments were unable to effect substantial improvement, how can we hope to?

As for his portraits, they are faithful likenesses, but they are far more. Resplendent in frivolous contemporary costumes, his sitters are left without a shred on them, for gold braid, ribbon, medal, uniform, sword, or badge cannot hide the personage underneath. He is exposed as relentlessly as are this artist's famous still lifes of dead, skinned animals.

In comparing the two exhibitions, my idea was not to denigrate one to the advantage of the other. I merely suggest there is need for both, but needs and final satisfactions differ. Because the kinetic show was too much a part of the present to be considered in historical perspective, it was necessarily overinclusive. Quite honestly a survey, it was a kaleidoscopic panorama of an international movement. That much of it failed and will soon be forgotten is not important. What is important was the opportunity to explore in depth a large body of contemporary work limited to a specific point of reference. Here one saw the interaction of an emergent group; in the Goya exhibition one saw the development of a single stellar figure and the interaction of his emergent works.

As for art's being fun, why not? But surely, thoughtful adults demand more than fun. So long as art remains one of the most potent forms of communication, all facets of life are its province. For this reason, Goya's work had more staying power; it encompassed a wider range of human experience and investigated it more intensively.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Flashes in a Pan

THERE WAS a certain amount of consternation earlier this year when blonde, wide-eyed Goldie Hawn was nominated to an Academy Award for her supporting performance in *Cactus Flower*, and even more when she won it. A fugitive from television's *Laugh-In*, Miss Hawn then looked as if she might possibly inherit the dizzy blonde mantle untimely dropped by Judy Holliday, although a single movie hardly provided conclusive evidence. Now, with her first starring role, in *There's a Girl in My Soup*, the prospects seem dimmer than ever.

For one thing, Judy was one of those rare comediennes who could give every line her own reading, her own twist, her own inflection and still sustain the credibility of whatever character she might be playing. For another, she never failed to suggest a sharp intelligence at work beneath the dumbest blonde her writers could dream up. Judy was never stupid, merely naïve, uninformed, unsophisticated—and touchingly vulnerable.

Perhaps that is the greatest weakness of Goldie Hawn. She seems as vulnerable as a Sherman tank and as naïve as Spiro Agnew, while her inflections are as flat as her chest. (Lest the latter observation seem too ungentlemanly, perhaps I should explain that throughout the film she does insist on displaying it.) Worst of all, she conveys no sense of any inner life—no comic flair, no emotional depth, no charm. What is all too transparent throughout *There's a Girl in My Soup* is the effort of the director, Roy Boulting, to guide her from one scene to the next.

On the other hand, Peter Sellers, her co-star, has clearly become an actor who will accept direction from no one. Cast as a television personality with an insatiable letch, he primps, smirks, and rolls his heavy-lidded eyes seductively in shot after shot after shot, as if convinced that his own delight in being Sellers were something that the entire world would automatically share. He has only one genuinely funny scene, in which great gobs of hair fall out while he is brushing his pompadour. Perhaps it is funny mainly because, at least for a moment, he seems to be feeling some of the discomfort of the audience at this stupid, vulgar, and supremely tasteless British attempt at French boudoir comedy.

Stranger still is an Italian black comedy titled—hopefully for American distribution only—*The Pizza Triangle. Jealousy—Italian Style* would have been more accurate, for its triangle includes a married, middle-aged bricklayer, a love-smitten flower girl, and a youthful chef who concocts heart-shaped pizzas for his more beautiful customers. Monica Vitti, who is developing into a delightful comedienne, provides a wholly understandable apex to this triangle, and Gian-Carlo Giannini is no less acceptable as the creator of the pizza valentines. What disappoints in this film—and what, ultimately, makes the entire film disappoint—is the performance of Marcello Mastroianni as the jealous mason who deserts his wife for the love of a more youthful and far more beautiful girl. Like Sellers, Mastroianni here confines his characterization to a handful of tics and mannerisms that suggest the onslaught of an epileptic fit, then makes a final bid for sympathy that might have embarrassed Charles Dickens. In fact, his entire performance is so eccentric that one can never believe that any girl in her right mind—which Monica Vitti very much is—would ever have taken up with him in the first place. Still, as with most of the better Italian films, the backgrounds are flavorsome, and the bright and rhythmic score by Armando Trovaioli adds a dimension of lightness unfortunately all too rarely borne out by the action.

Flap, adapted by Clair Huffaker from his own seriocomic novel *Nobody Loves a Drunken Indian* (and why the title change on this one is anybody's guess), attempts considerably more than it achieves. It is at its best when it focuses on Anthony Quinn's harebrained, but not ineffective, attempts to improve the lot of his fellow Indians—including hijacking a train in the desert and claiming the entire city of Phoenix as Indian territory. Whenever Quinn and his cronies go on one of their roistering binges, however, or clown about with the local madam, Shelley Winters, the picture starts to fall apart. Perhaps this is because *Flap*'s eminent director, Sir Carol Reed, seems to be equally out of his element in the American Southwest and in handling robust Western humor. Nevertheless, the picture is an honest attempt to create sympathy for the Indians and certainly deserves far better than the second-class-citizen treatment that Warners has been giving it.

If one remembers at all favorably either Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray* or the film version produced twenty-five years ago with Hurd Hatfield, the best way to preserve those recollections is by avoiding AIP's current *Dorian Gray*, starring Helmut Berger. Its writers, Marcello Coscia and Massimo Dallamano, see their hero as merely a durable super-stud, while Dallamano, who also directed, has a style that makes Russ Meyer look like George Cukor. Worst of all, he has induced the actors to speak all of their lines as if Wilde had really written them, not himself.

"Remember 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary? Well, it's a long way back, too!"

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

Dawdling in the Dutch Woods

SLIDING DOWN the suburban canals outside Amsterdam in a glass-covered launch, looking up at the cows in the meadows, slipping past the houseboats with their picture windows and their flower-box gardens, sharing the narrow seam of water with the swans puffed up like dowagers on perpetual Easter parade can fill one, as it did me the other day, with that well-ordered sense of patrician refinement that seems to belong to another time. There were the haystacks trim and conical and orderly, lifted out of Van Gogh. The planted fields had remained green deep into the fall, the fast boats were tied up at the quays waiting for the final weekend outings before winter. The brick windmills made from river clay were faced into the North Sea breezes, pantaloons were sunning upside down on the washline, the willows were bent dolorously over the waterway, but most of all there was the elegance of the country mansions, their many windows shined and gleaming like a bride's eyes, looking over the pebbled walks that lead from the front portal to the edge of the canal. Until the last century manor houses were built to face the water, for a canal boat was a far easier mode of transport than bouncing overland.

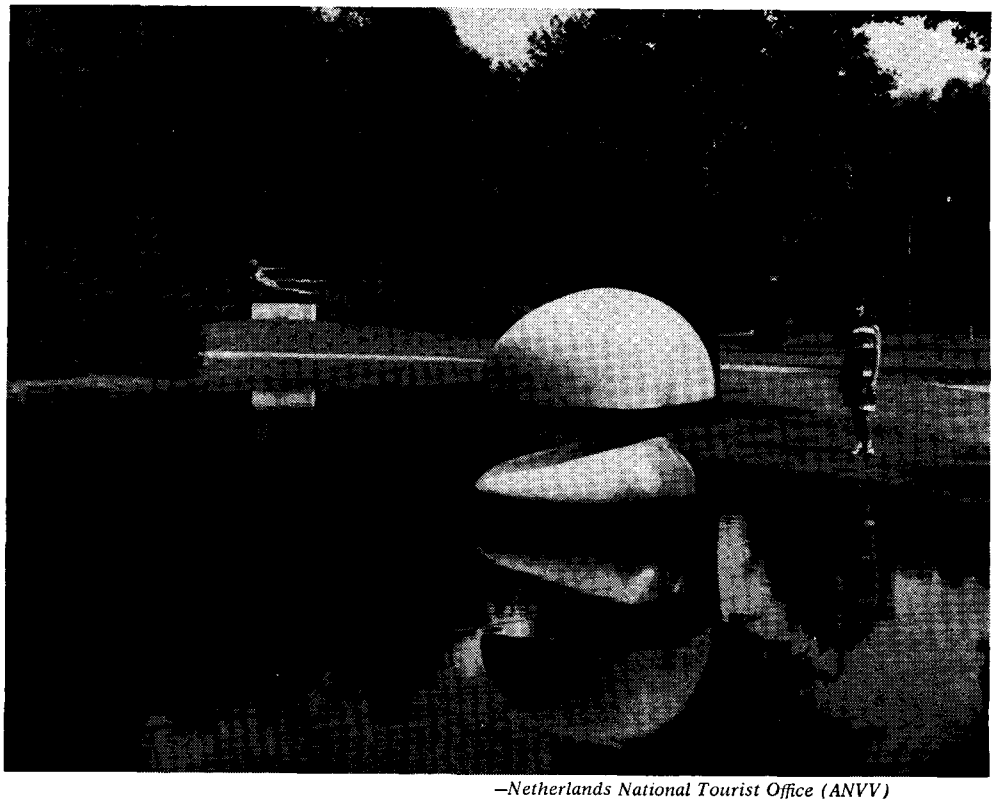
The great manor called Over Holland, where we put by for lunch, was built in 1676, in the apogee of Amsterdam's golden years, by a textile merchant who used it as a weekend house. It seems now like something between a Williamsburg mansion and a Venetian palace, in any case a rather splendid remembrance of how good good times can be. Between Breukelen and Haarlem, it lived, survived, even thrived rather handsomely for more than a century without a road until Napoleon built the byway from Amsterdam to Utrecht.

Romantic as it must be, especially on festive summer nights when, through the French windows of the ballroom one can watch the swans waltz in the moonlight, Over Holland is open only to private parties. On the other hand, the Dutch woods are full of other country inns that are pleased to fend off scurvy for any chance wayfarer arriving by boat or car. While Holland holds the world's most densely populated areas (and is creating land from the sea to provide new real estate), it has somehow found room for a national park, called De Hoge Veluwe, a 13,000-acre tract fifty miles from Amsterdam. The park itself has two restaurants, De Koperen Kop and Rijzenburg.

It is worth a detour—"well worth the journey," as the Michelin people are fond of putting it—to track down the ancient post house called De Woeste Hoeve in Beekbergen midway between Apeldoorn, the village to which Queen Wilhelmina retired, and Arnhem, where the British made their disastrous parachute drop in the fall of 1944. A coaching inn that lay astride the single road from Amsterdam to Germany, it was built first in the sixteenth century and rebuilt in the 1700s. Now it comes complete with a haunted legend and the imprimatur of that somnolent peripatetic Napoleon Bonaparte, the George Washington of Europe, who slept here one night, or so they say. According to the dark and ghostly tale that the present owner inherited along with the mortgage, De Woeste Hoeve was once a farm. Indeed, a small roadside tavern, run along with the haute cuisine restaurant, was, clearly, once the stable. When the farmer's wife died he brought in a young girl to help with the chores. Both his sons fell in love with her. She married one, but the other, in a jealous rage, set fire to the house and the couple died in the flames. The arsonist hanged himself, and now returns to haunt the place at midnight. No one knows whether he really does haunt the house since the owner locks the door and goes home at 11. Well, belay all that. It is now a handsome restaurant in the typical French *Hôtel-de-la-Poste* tradition. The copper gleams, guns and horns hang on the wall, and the fragrances of Escoffier perfume the premises. The *canard* arrives swimming in Calvados, which, were one a duck, would seemingly be a pleasant way to go. A saddle of venison "Baden-Baden" arrives with whortleberries and pineapple, and the steak Luzernois, perhaps the most memorable of house creations, is thick grilled veal, white and buttery, stuffed with Swiss cheese and covered with a brown sauce abubble with oregano. For those who are still awake and in contention, the management suggests a "Dame Blanche—*warme chocoladesaus met room, geflambeerd met kirsch — vanilla ijs.*"

The old stable of De Woeste Hoeve, long since scrubbed of any remnants of its former tenants, will provide short-order snacks—an *appelpannekoek*, for example, roughly the size of a cartwheel, a *koep bouillon* for chilly afternoons, or an *uitsmijter*—bread, meat, and a fried egg on top for good measure.

Fortunately, the woods of De Hoge Veluwe are handy and in season; the pine needle beds are ideal for supine



—Netherlands National Tourist Office (ANVV)

Floating sculpture at Kröller-Müller Museum—"passing deer might be startled to come face to face with a Noguchi or Giacometti."

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communion with nature. Visitors who do not hire cars for the short drive up from Amsterdam can come by train and rent a bike at the Central Station in Arnhem, a half hour's pedal away. In the vicinity of Apeldoorn, nine miles from the nearest park border, there are bungalow parks, some of them with restaurants in central club buildings, where shelter, less palatial than comfortable, can be leased for about $50 a week.

The oddity of a national park in the middle of Holland, with deer roaming on the veldt and wild boars on occasion thundering out of the thicket, derives from the Kröller-Müller family, whose tastes were varied and many and whose bankroll was seemingly unlimited. They are responsible for the national park that was originally their hunting preserve and for a marvelous museum that stands in the midst of its woodlands.

In the middle of May 1888, when she was just nineteen, Helene E. L. J. Müller was married to Anthony G. Kröller, thus providing Holland with one of its most mellifluous double names. Miss Müller had been born in Germany, her father an industrialist with headquarters in Düsseldorf. Anthony Kröller, first a clerk in his father-in-law's firm, eventually became its head, and when Müller died he moved the company headquarters to Rotterdam and later to The Hague. The company ran a shipping line to the Dutch East Indies, and owned ore and coal mines in Spain, North Africa, Sweden, and the Argentine.

Besides mines, the Kröller-Müllers also began to collect parcels of hunting and shooting grounds on the Veluwe and pieces of old Delft pottery. The land was to become a vast estate that was established as a national park in 1935. From porcelain Mrs. Kröller-Müller turned to art. Her first three acquisitions in 1909, *The Dying Sunflowers*, *The Sower* (after Millet), and *Still Life with Lemons*, were the beginning of a collection that now numbers 272 works of Van Gogh. It is the heart of a museum collection of modern painting and sculpture that resides, as the Kröller-Müllers planned it, in the middle of the national park. It is all as incongruous, as startling, and as pleasant as if the Rockefellers had plunked down the Museum of Modern Art in the middle of the Great Smokies.

Some of the old Delft is here, but so are some of the world's most famous paintings that one has been viewing for years in reproduction—Van Gogh's *Café Terrace at Night* (*SR*'s cover, March 15, 1958), his *Peach Trees in Blossom*, which he called "probably the best landscape I have done." Out from the wall of this gallery in the Dutch forest, behind the red moustache and beard, stare the troubled eyes of Van Gogh's *Self-Portrait* done in Paris in 1887 and collected by Mrs. Kröller-Müller at an auction in 1919.

The Arles collection, which began with those earliest acquisitions in 1909, is exciting. Here is the portrait of Mme. Roulin, known as La Berceuse, and that of her husband, Postman Roulin, one of Van Gogh's closest friends in Arles, posing in full uniform and full curly beard in front of flowery wall paper.

But the collection goes far beyond Van Gogh, including as it does works of Corot, Renoir, Cézanne, Seurat, and Signac, an early cubist Picasso, Mondrian's 1915 plus-minus design, technocratic scenes by Léger, and a Braque. The Kröller-Müllers courted the architects to build their estates, hunting lodges, and assorted shelters. The German Peter Behrens was commissioned to build a country house with a small museum, just before World War I, but Frau Kröller-Müller turned down the design. Another commission by an unknown assistant of Behrens named Ludwig Mies van der Rohe fared no better.

The state Kröller-Muller Museum, with Mrs. Kröller as its first curator, opened in the summer of 1938. She died a year and a half later. A sculpture hall added to commemorate the Van Gogh centenary in 1953 became a sculpture park in the early Sixties. Now the passing deer and, equally, the passing visitors might be startled to come face to face with a Noguchi, a Giacometti, or even Anthony Caro's *Steel, Painted Pink*, a tersely accurate descriptive title. That's all right. If the weather is too chilly out in the sculpture garden, one can always warm up indoors next to such contributions as *Mnemonic Weltschmerz with Probability Transformations* (a systems study) or *Universal Electronic Vacuum 1967*, being ten screen prints by Eduardo Paolozzi. For natural wonders Yellowstone has nothing like it.

During the Second World War the treasures of the Kröller-Müller rested safely underground. There was no escape, however, for Arnhem, ten miles south, the old Hanseatic town that has been stormed through the centuries by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, by the French on several subsequent occasions, by the Prussians in 1813, and the Germans in May of 1940. Twenty-six years ago it was stormed by British and Polish paratroopers in an effort to take the Rhine bridges. It had been Montgomery's idea to strike quickly in September 1944, following the June

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*Constance Garnett (1862-1946) devoted her life to the bringing of Russian authors to the English-speaking world. Her translations almost succeeded in turning Russian authors into English classics.

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landings at Normandy, and to finish the war before the onset of winter. Eisenhower had favored a frontal assault.

Operation Market-Garden, as it was called, relied on Allied airborne drops and the British Second Army, a combined name for a combined action. "Market," the airborne part of the plan, called for the U.S. 101st Airborne to be dropped above Eindhoven, the U.S. 82nd Airborne below Nijmegen, and the British First Airborne Division, Britons and Poles, to drop on Arnhem and secure the Rhine River bridge. In the "Garden" part, the British Second Army was to advance over the bridges taken by the Americans and press onward to Arnhem and cross the Rhine. To succeed, the plan required speed and surprise, but the British airborne troops landed in two stages on two successive days, eliminating surprise, and, for that matter, speed. The intelligence estimate, to make things worse, had overlooked elements of the Second SS Panzer Korps, badly mauled at Normandy, but strong enough to hit hard with their 88s.

The American drops were successful, and the British Second Army advanced, but at Arnhem the British were in deep trouble. Of the 10,095 men landed in the Arnhem vicinity on September 17, only 2,296 made it back across the sunny moors one week later. Five hundred men were hidden in Holland, but the rest were either killed or taken prisoner. The Germans consolidated behind the rivers in Holland and behind the Siegfried Line, and Arnhem had to wait until April for liberation.

Fifteen hundred paratroopers still lie in the Airborne cemetery, and the glory and gallantry are remembered in a small museum in the thirteenth-century Doorwerth Castle, which was blown up by ten German officers who had lived there in some comfort, and has been restored stone by stone ever since 1946. There is a pleasant restaurant in the seventeenth-century wing across the courtyard. There are music, candlelight, flowers, and memories, and one can have a good dinner for 16 guilders.

Arnhem itself, like many of the smashed towns of Normandy, has been rebuilt. It has a white marble town hall and glass fountains, and sunk in the middle of a traffic circle is a lone column from the Rhine River bridge set there as a memorial. Twelve-story apartment houses are rising above the Rhine, but the Doorwerth Castle still has its moat, the vegetable peddler still visits the trim houses in the suburbs, and when we stopped a man to ask directions we were surprised to find he was wearing wooden shoes.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Béjart's XXth Century—Part I

BRUSSELS.

"HE HAS CHANGED the face of ballet," said the matronly chambermaid at the handsome Hotel Amigo here. "Ballet was *tutu*"—and she made a gesture of a little skirt around her ample hips—"and legs." Then, with a sweep of her arms, she added, "Béjart has turned ballet into movement." As she departed, she flung back, "*I* look to the future, not to the past!"

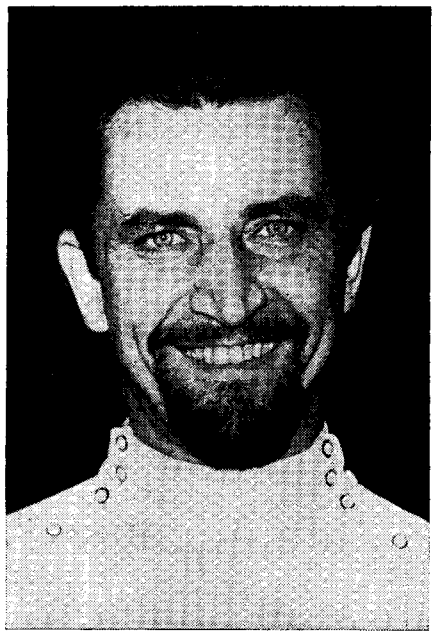
Maurice Béjart, choreographer and innovator, settles for the present, as the name of his company, Ballet of the 20th Century (Ballet du XXe Siècle, Belgium's national dance company), indicates. The troupe will make its American debut in an engagement opening January 25 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music as part of the Academy's third Festival of Dance.

Since the founding of his company in 1959, Béjart has been both a fascinating and controversial figure. Europeans found him avant-garde; American dancers tended to describe him as old-hat modern; the young people of Europe have been so wild about him that his company has had to perform in circuses and vast arenas in order to accommodate the mobs; the mature sophisticates abroad, here at least, view him, in his appearances at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie (that crass "Monnaie" is there simply because the beautiful opera house was once the royal mint), as something to be treasured.

Béjart. What is he like? Where did he come from? What is he doing? Today, permit me to talk about the man, and in a subsequent report about performances—including a new *Firebird*, with a male in the title part—which I have seen here.

Maurice Béjart is short, dark, bearded, and has hypnotic sea-blue eyes. When he rehearses, although he has retired as a dancer, he illustrates what he wants with physical facility and enormous intensity. He is not modest, but neither is he arrogant. An English critic compared him with the great ballet master of the last century, Marius Petipa (*The Sleeping Beauty*, *La Bayadère*, half of *Swan Lake*, the concept of *The Nutcracker*), and Béjart replied smilingly (he laughs easily and makes sly quips): "Petipa and I have only one thing in common—we were both born in Marseilles."

His own training was purely classical —"I saw no modern dance, nothing of Martha Graham"—until long after he had created his first modern ballet, *Symphony for a Single Man* (1955) with an electronic score by Pierre Henri. "Maybe what I did was childish, but it was my own," he says.



Maurice Béjart—a "private approach."

Béjart's principal teachers were Mme. Rousanne (a celebrated Paris-based teacher of Armenian descent); the famous French choreographer-dancer Roland Petit; and the great Vera Volkova, leading teacher of the Royal Danish Ballet, who numbers Margot Fonteyn, Maria Tallchief, Erik Bruhn among her pupils. His first job —1949—was with Mona Inglesby's International Ballet in England; his next, in Sweden, where he did his first choreography for the Royal Opera and danced Jason (a role performed in America by Jacques d'Amboise) in Birgit Cullberg's *Medea*. Following French military service, he formed (1953) his first company, Ballet de l'Étoile (named after the theater he played in), which became, when it moved in 1956, Ballet Théâtre de Paris. The next step, of course, was the Ballet of the 20th Century, the pride of Belgium, the toast of much of Europe, and soon a contender for American recognition.

The official ballet school of the Royal Theater is now housed in recently completed studios (one with a raked, or sloped, stage like the Théâtre Royal itself, and another level) above the warehouse for opera and theater sets. Béjart calls the school Mudra, the Hindu word for gesture. A faculty of eight teaches what Béjart feels is necessary. Classical ballet of the Leningrad school (the old Maryinsky that produced Fokine, Balanchine, Nijinsky, Pavlova, Karsavina, Danilova, et al.) comes first, and two of the teachers are on loan from Cuba's Alicia Alonso, teachers who trained in Leningrad. A black American girl teaches jazz-modern. Béjart himself does not teach: "If I teach, I don't create." Someday, he may offer a course in a technique that would be a synthesis of classical ballet and his own style, which he refers to as "my private approach."

This "private approach" is apparent even in rehearsal. Béjart, as you watch him work, is not only a master of design closely related to music but, also, a creator deeply involved with the animal nature of man. I was the first, and I think the only, outsider to be permitted to see him rehearse his newest star (America's Suzanne Farrell, former Balanchine protégée who defected) in a *pas de deux* scheduled for Brooklyn. Here, one could see Béjart adapt the previously composed choreography to Farrell's high leg extensions and spinal flexibilities; but, more, as he guided her and her cavalier, one saw the presence of shrewdly calculated choreographic patterns (his discipline) combined with his desire to release the animal in the human (his drive). Perhaps this is the secret of the man—*discipline* and *drive*—and, in a subsequent column, let us look at how he puts these forces to use in certain of his creations, specifically, *Firebird*, *Les Noces*, and, of all things, Ravel's *Boléro*.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1429

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1429 will be found in the next issue.

VA SQP'M JAOHANA HP BUAC-

IGMHLI GPS MBCA OQNA

CPMHO GRMAB MUA RHBLM

GMMGKF.

—AJPAB-ALKUAPJGKU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1428

Love is a power too strong to be overcome by anything but flight.

—CERVANTES.

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Religion

Continued from page 14

to bomb us back, metaphorically or literally, to Eden. "Speak no evil, see no evil." (The catch is that we would see nothing else either.)

Reason, language, and sanity—all are given a new meaning in the mystic imagination. The love of God passes human understanding, the visionary is tongue-tied, and, by the standards of ordinary men, the saint is a particular sort of psychopath. Religious experience seems to provide a model for the current iconoclasms. Of course, where reason and language—not their misuse but their use—are questioned, so also the notion of sanity must be. And certainly it is the case that "abnormal," "neurotic," "sick," "psychotic," and the rest are often used by society simply to brand behavior it doesn't like. But guided by R. D. Laing, many students go beyond this rational critique to the extraordinary claim that there is no such thing as insanity at all, for there are no "public" realities, only "private" ones. (In implying this, Laing locks them into themselves forever, which seems to me unforgivable.) The possibility, suggested in its most radical form by Descartes, that each one of us lives in a world alone has acquired for many students the status of a certainty. Ten years ago, when I taught an introductory course in philosophy, it was only the prospective philosophy majors who could take Descartes seriously, and then only on a level that had nothing to do with their lives. Now I find that the way out of solipsism is not a remote problem at all for many students, but a very urgent one. In so many ways the young seek communion, while denying the very conditions that make it possible: a sharable world, a clear sense of the boundaries of one's self, and a respect for the otherness of others.

Charles Manson, as he was being held in custody in California last spring awaiting trial for his alleged involvement in the Sharon Tate murder case, said in an interview in *Rolling Stone*: "If God is one, what is bad? . . . Paranoia is just a kind of awareness. Paranoia is the other side of love. Once you give in to paranoia, it ceases to exist. . . . When your mind is closed, it's closed to God. I look at the world as God's imagination. You are as much Him as you are willing to give up, to become part of His body, become one. . . . I am dead. I've always been dead. Death is life. . . . Death is psychosomatic."

Manson's "If God is one, what is bad?" parodies the traditional concern in theology with the problem of evil: If God is good, omnipotent, and omniscient, how can there be evil? What is for the theologian a profound and troubling question becomes for Manson a simple denial. "There's no such thing as suffering," he asserted.

"The trouble with you," some students say, "is that you think." "What Christ is saying is 'Don't think,' " Manson said. "He who thinks is lost, because if you have time to think about something, to doubt it, you're lost already. . . . Words kill. . . . The original sin was to write it down."

Manson protests that since the law is not absolute, not divine, it results in the fiction that guilt can be assigned to one individual, rather than to society as a whole. Taking up the argument, *Rolling Stone* commented:

> The court must proceed as if events took place isolated from the society in which they took place, and once that fiction has been established, it is easy to find villains in individuals. . . . Our legal system is guilty of just what Manson claims: It is a form of theater in which real victims are found for sacrifice.

The revolutionary's conviction that only societies, not individuals, are culpable blends with the claim of many religions that in a certain sense the individual is not real and that reality is one. The moral and religious insight that man is not God and that human things are always less than perfect is turned on its head to read: No one is to blame. What begins as a plea for the individual ends as a voiding of that concept altogether, for there are no agents —the plea continues—only victims.

Manson is an aberration, in himself no different, I am sure, from madmen at other places and times. What *is* different, I think, is that there is a significant number of young people—and older ones—who say, and half-believe, all of the things he says. The Weatherman faction of the Students for a Democratic Society is said to have made a hero of Manson, and he has figured as a latter-day saint in some underground newspapers. The Manson cult may be only a stepchild of the Woodstock Nation, but it is a relation. And there is a warning in that relationship that they, and we, need to hear.

Recently, a friend and I were working out the syllabus for a freshman course that we will be teaching together. We agreed easily on a unifying theme and a number of texts, and ran into trouble at what was to me the most unexpected place. Since we would be focusing on the concept of the hero in Western thought, I suggested that we read *Oedipus Rex*. He objected, saying that—in brief—it presents a false mythology: a view that tells us some things are unalterable, that sanc-

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tions guilt, and that values suffering as redemptive. Although I don't agree with his own mythology, I took it seriously, because he is a person whom I both like and admire, but even more because he is widely loved and respected by the students. He is a Marcusean kind of radical, and embodies much that I find most moving in the attitudes of many students now: their hope, their refusal to take for granted any of the horrors they see around them, and their concern. But I also thought it expressed a misunderstanding of the sort of liberation we should hope for. The new theology seems to me wiser in this respect than either the new politics or the "new psychology."

I answered that what was unalterable for Oedipus was not his future but his past, and that the crucial choice presented to him in the play was how to respond to it. If character is destiny, one affects his destiny by what he does with his past (for it is never over and done with)—whether saying it doesn't matter, forgetting it, or encountering it. (In an interview in *The New York Times* recently, Konrad Lorenz expressed his dismay over the eagerness of some radicals to destroy the past. For all that makes us human, he said, is our ability to build upon what we have learned through preceding generations.) This insight is reflected in psychoanalysis by the centrality of the concept of memory, and in religion by the concepts of reincarnation and repentance. Hope is the other side of history.

When psychoanalysis speaks of the necessity of accepting certain kinds of suffering, what I think is meant is that it is important to be aware that one is suffering when one is; that love involves the willingness to respect the pain of others; that sometimes getting thought and feeling back together requires allowing one's self to feel the pain that he has avoided or denied; and that, though we can, to some extent anyway, recover from our sense of alienation, it is always a recovering *from*.

The specifically human consciousness begins with the perception that one is distinct from that which he perceives. And given that we feel emotionally bound to those who care for us and whom we come to recognize as separate from ourselves, it seems that part of the human legacy is inevitably the fear and pain of loss, frustration, anger, and guilt.

Since religion deals with ultimate things, one would expect always to find in it—and I think one does—some recognition of these basic human experiences. Buddhism and Hinduism do not speak specifically of guilt. But it is a very close relative of their concept of karma, or action, as that which by its nature must always have painful and binding consequences. Yet there are important differences between East and West in these respects. The forms of Judaism and Christianity with which we are most familiar see this sense of separation (from God) as something we can never breach. And guilt is the state into which we are born and from which we can never fully recover. We can be pardoned, but to aspire to innocence is hubris. Whereas, Hinduism and Buddhism tell us that this experience of separateness itself arises from an illusion, and that it is this illusion that is the source of our suffering. What we should seek is not pardon (for there is no one to pardon us) but enlightenment, liberation from error.

The students I have spoken with generally find the idea of guilt unacceptable in every way. They deny the possibility that they may feel it without being aware that they do; they are convinced that the guilt they do feel is nothing but the projection into their consciousness of a false moral system; and they think that in a healthy society we would be guilt-free.

The East offers a religious view in which guilt does not play such a central role as in the West—or at least not to the superficial observer; it offers the hope of a sense of total reintegration between the self and its objects of awareness; and it has a religious tradition in which mysticism is a more essential and obvious element than in the West. These are the reasons why it is so appealing (especially in the forms of yoga and Zen Buddhism), I think, to many students now who in a preceding generation would probably have had no interest in religion whatever. For it seems to offer a synthesis of their contradictory impulses toward union but away from the recognition of a public reality to which the truth, simply because that's what "truth" means, must "conform." The East, in short, seems to offer that liberation they are seeking.

The young, like the rest of us, don't like to feel guilty. They need to hope. They want to love and be loved. But

granted that society often extracts too much in the way of instinctual repression, and that our guilt is often excessive and misplaced, still, the insight of religion in the West that our capacity for remorse is bound up with our capacity for love seems to me an important one. For guilt, it says, is the only way we have of recognizing, with feeling, that we have hurt, or have wished to hurt, someone we love. And love itself never was easy.

Understood carefully, the concept of "play" in the religious works I mentioned earlier takes account of all this, and describes that state of grace, by whatever name we call it, many of us wish to achieve. But just because we are used to thinking of play as something we do when we are not working —something that is not important and not serious—we leave ourselves open to terrible misunderstandings. The kind of play that theologians are talking about might be the thing we do when we play cards, or go on vacation, or act "spontaneously," but it most likely isn't. On the contrary, it may take years of therapy or discipline of some kind to get to the point where one can play at all.

A sense of ease seldom comes easily. As Neale writes in *In Praise of Play*:

> Full play by the mature adult can be understood as the end goal of human development. Obviously, such experience is quite rare. . . . But the ultimate experience does occur . . . and the experience is labeled as it has always been labeled—it is called "holy." Like Moses before the burning bush, the mature player takes off his shoes and kneels on holy ground. And like David before the Ark of God, he also kicks up his heels with delight.

There are, perhaps, private heavens. And if "the revolution" comes, there may be a new earth (or none at all). But I am skeptical of heavens on earth. The rebel has always been impatient with religion's otherworldliness, for it tends to justify the status quo. But if he gives up heaven, he clamors instead for a new Eden. Guilt, as Manson says, is a figment of the imagination. One remembers that Satan's greatest snare has always been the promise—in the words of the Living Theater—of "paradise now." A lesson to be learned from the Manson cult, I think, is that dreams of heaven often pave the road to hell.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 d (*Ode on the Death of a . . . Cat*), 2i (*Hamlet*), 3e (*Just-So Stories*), 4b (*David Copperfield*), 5a (*Alice in Wonderland*), 6j (*Philip Sparrow*), 7h (*Essays*), 8c (*Macavity*), 9g, 10 f (*The Pobble . . .*).

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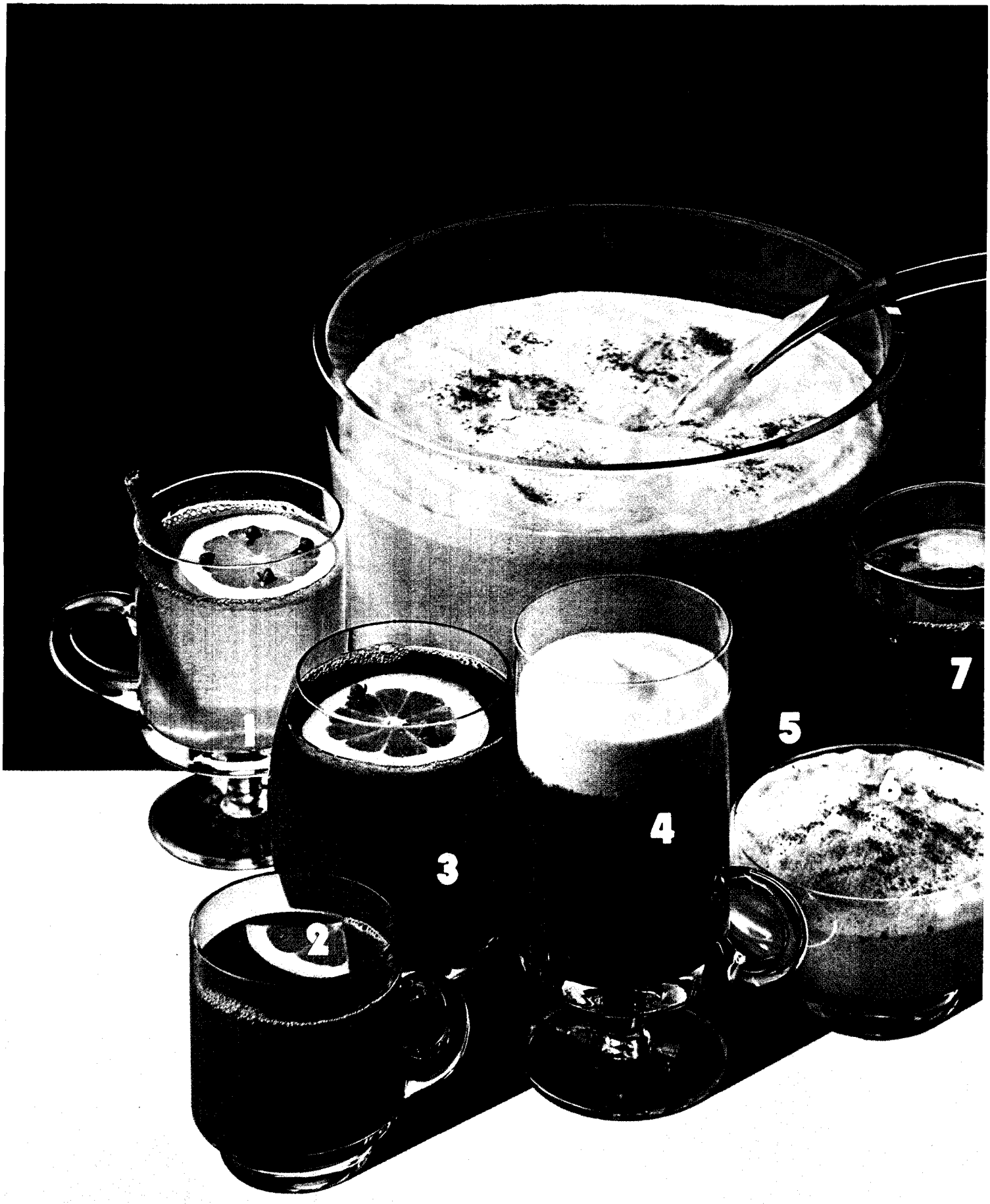

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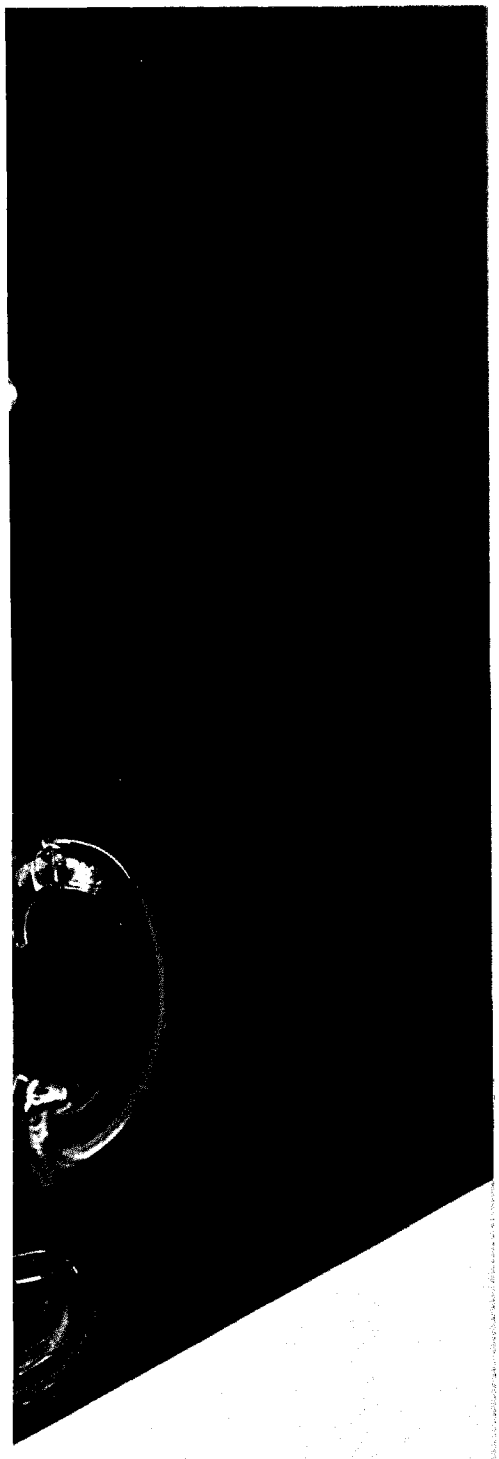

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3 *Hot Rum and Cider*

In a preheated mug containing 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum, add one teaspoon each of maple syrup, sugar and the juice of one lemon; fill with hot apple cider; stir; garnish with two cloves and a slice of lemon.

4 *Café Puerto Rico*

Pour 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum into a cup of strong, hot black coffee; add one teaspoon sugar and stir; float whipped cream on top.

5 *Egg Nog*

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in ½ lb. sugar till mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fifth" of Gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hrs., pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hr., dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

Quick Recipe: Use 1 qt. eggnog mix from your dairy; add 12 oz. rum. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill; add nutmeg. (Serves 12.)

6 *Tom and Jerry*

Beat 1 egg yolk; work in 1 tsp. sugar; ¼ tsp. allspice; 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White). Continue to beat until smooth and thick. Beat egg white separately and add to mixture, stirring well. Put mixture into pre-heated Tom-and-Jerry mug; fill with hot milk and dust with nutmeg.

7 *Hot Buttered Rum*

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White); a cinnamon stick; a pinch of nutmeg. Fill mug with boiling water; top with pat of butter.

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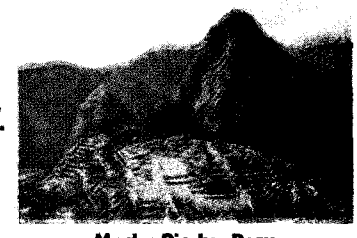

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Sesame Street and Its Critics

As *Sesame Street*, the widely applauded educational TV program for preschool children created by the Children's Television Workshop, launched its second season of broadcasting last month, it was warmly welcomed by several million children, parents, and teachers—and roundly panned by a few critics, some of whom have impeccable credentials as experts on the learning process. At about the same time, *Sesame Street* received its first report card in the form of an independent evaluation report by the prestigious Educational Testing Service (ETS) of Princeton, New Jersey.

The program attempts to teach three- to five-year-olds their letters and numbers, as well as other concepts, through a series of television techniques that are common on commercial TV. It was designed primarily to help inner-city children and those from rural poverty areas to overcome the effects of early deprivation, but it turned out to be appealing also to advantaged children in the suburbs. It proved to be unexpectedly popular, too, with a great many adults who apparently see it as a kind of educational *Laugh-In*.

The ETS findings indicate clearly that *Sesame Street* is indeed doing what it set out to accomplish. Children who watch the program, whether deprived or advantaged, do learn what *Sesame Street* tries to teach them—and the more often they watch the program, the more they learn. Pre- and post-tests (administered before the program went on the air and after completion of the first season) show that children who watched the program only rarely made gains of less than 10 per cent in their knowledge of the concepts taught, while children who watched regularly made gains of more than 25 per cent. Although the program was not equally successful in all that it attempted, it did prove that television can teach effectively when sufficient resources are made available to harness the creativity, inventiveness, and innovative spirit that optimum employment of the medium requires.

Criticism of *Sesame Street* was not silenced by the objective evidence of success, of course, and rightly so. Some of the critics seem to be put off more by the uncritical acclaim accorded the program by its friends than by the program itself, and others appear to be moved primarily by professional jealousy because the program was so well financed. But still others raise serious questions about both the objectives of *Sesame Street* and its means of achieving them—the emphasis on repetitive presentation of material to promote rote learning, for instance, or the passive and sedentary role of the learner in contrast to active involvement in the learning process. For many children, of course, it is necessary only to cite the available alternatives to justify the program, but *Sesame Street* deserves far more than mere justification. It broke new ground in successfully performing the difficult task it undertook and deserves to be widely applauded for its success.

The critics have performed a valuable service, however, in reminding us that *Sesame Street* attempted, and succeeded in achieving, a rather narrow range of objectives. Therefore, it should not become, as some of its admirers seem to imply, a blueprint to be copied for a succession of similar television programs, employing identical techniques for equally limited ends. Rather, it should become a model of the creative drive and innovative skill that will be required if television is ever to realize its full potential as the handmaiden of education. And, finally, we must never forget that no television program, no matter how successful, can take the place of open, innovative classroom instruction.

Let us acclaim *Sesame Street* for a job well done, but let us also keep its success in perspective. —J.C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Drugs and the Disruptive Child

EDWARD T. LADD's article "Pills for Classroom Peace?" [*SR*, Nov. 21] clearly presents the dilemma that exists—and the bases for the qualms that many of us are experiencing. As a school psychologist, may I add some thoughts.

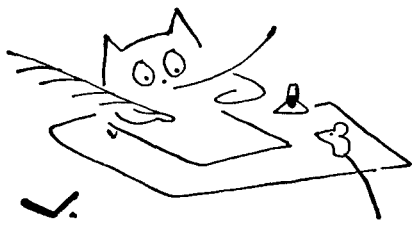
Professor Ladd says that "the effect [the pills] have of speeding up some persons and quieting down others . . . provides a pretty good guarantee that they will make children more subdued only if hyperactivity is involuntary." I submit that this may be so if the "pill" is the only change in the child's life. Actually, the medical prescription is often accompanied by an upheaval at home (and particularly so where the root of the difficulty may lie in domestic problems) such that the child may be quite convinced, even without medication, that it is all-around safer to conform.

Secondly, Mrs. Careth Ellingson states [in an accompanying box, "The Children with No Alternative"] that "Identification . . . must be undertaken by a knowledgeable pediatrician or pediatric neurologist." Agreed—in part. But what is "knowledgeable"? Does the required knowledge include the psychological training to see through the mask of frightened or angry parents displaying their best behavior? Does it include the ability to recognize a desperately frightened or frustrated child letting off steam in an unfocused way because he has no power to handle his real problems constructively?

As is pointed out in the article, "intensive work . . . has still failed to reveal just what is wrong with these children." It would seem then that the supposed central nervous system (CNS) abnormality is, as yet, little more than a hypothetical construct—something that must be so *if* the behavior noted is to be accounted for on an organic basis. But what if it is, after all, not a medical problem but rather one of education in the widest sense, starting at the day of birth?

In spite of all the preceding, I would not deny that pills may be the best solution for some children when neither medicine nor psychology can bring about a change in the environment, as well as for those with CNS abnormality if such can be proved to exist. I suspect that much of their popularity is due to the fact that they meet certain needs of parents and physicians quite as much as those of teachers. I deplore the use of medication on the basis of brief diagnoses by physicians, limited in time and in psychological insight. Too often it is little more than a placebo as far as children's actual personal-social development is concerned—and possibly may prove ultimately to be as dangerous in some ways as the amphetamines so indiscriminately (in many instances) prescribed not so long ago.

HARRIET H. COMMOSS, Ed.D.,
Bayside, N.Y.



DR. LADD has given us a perceptive and illuminating look at "pills for classroom peace" as an enlightened educator sees them. However, some clinicians, including this one, might feel that several important features of the "learning disability" syndrome still have not been stressed enough.

While there *are* some children whose learning problems are primarily due to mild and subtle CNS disorder, who therefore might be seen as relatively pure instances of a "learning disability," the vast majority of learning problems are etiologically and diagnostically a very mixed bag indeed.

However, since "learning disability" is currently a fad diagnosis, many complicated learning problems get called "learning disability" or one of its more esoteric substitutes. These facile diagnoses and premature remedies frequently prevent adequate investigation of the learning problem. Assignment of the investigative task to "a knowledgeable pediatrician or pediatric neurologist," as Mrs. Ellingson wisely suggests, frequently is not possible, for the reason that *not many of these people exist* who are familiar with the relatively pure "learning disability" syndrome, and the much more frequent complicated learning problem, which indeed may also contain a neurological element. In addition, the sad fact is that, being physicians, even the best of these helpers are usually rushed in their investigation, and often push pills hoping they will be lucky.

The rush to the pill or the panacea remediation is supported by anxious, often guilt-feeling parents and educators who, by the time they come to a full realization of the depth of the child's problem, want it fixed fast. They also tend, most understandably, not to consider the possible influence of emotional, intellectual, or educational lacks upon the child's problems. Hence, the popularity of the "learning disability" label on the learning problem since it excepts those dire possibilities by definition.

Separating the "medically hyperactive child" with "learning disability," along with the "learning disability" child who may *not* be hyperactive (as Dr. Ladd notes), from the much larger group of complex learning problems is no mean task; therefore, it is frequently not performed. As a result, the pills and educational remedies fall on fallow ground for large numbers of children with learning problems, and, after considerable expense, delay, and disappointment, the search for an understanding and remediation of their learning problem must begin anew.

While I and many others would acknowledge that, for one reason or another, some children really are helped with pills, perceptual-motor training, and the like, what we wish more widely recognized is the fact that most learning difficulties are reasonably *complex*, take time and effort to unravel, and much more time to treat. For example, taking hyperactivity as the presenting symptom, I have seen among hyperactive children individuals whose condition was a) post-encephalitic; b) prepsychotic; c) a manifestation of an active defense against depression; d) an anxious, driven attempt to overcome the limits of modest mental ability in an intellectual school; e) a manifestation of an "empty" personality caused by terrible deprivation as a baby; f) the result of living with an out-of-control alcoholic; g) the result of living in a genuinely dangerous neighborhood; h) the result of living with a paranoid father who beat the child; i) the result of guilty attempts to get punished in school for "crimes" committed at home; j) the result of sleeping with a hysterical mother; k) the result of a neurological deficit with mild family stress (a vulnerable child who would probably have done all right without the stress, as one suspects many do who receive supportive parenting and education); and many more.

The point is that none of these children would be accurately diagnosed or effectively treated with the label of "learning disability" and a pill, except by sheer luck. Most frequently, such handling would simply delay adequate investigation of the problem.

I see no easy way out of the task of understanding and treating learning problems, especially considering the quite rudimentary state of our knowledge, the number of children involved, and the insufficient supply of fairly sophisticated laymen and professionals concerned with their remediation.

R. A. WORTMAN, PH.D.,
Cleveland Heights, O.

THE ARTICLE by Edward T. Ladd was excellent in that it described the child, the teacher, the physician, and the parents' views and the help that is available.

Even after our son was diagnosed dyslexic and hyperactive, we hesitated to give any medication. We felt medication was for the sick. After finally deciding to try the medication, we just couldn't believe the results. From a sullen, belligerent, noisy, bully-type child emerged a witty, smiling, cooperative, happy young boy. His schoolwork improved to the point where we wondered if perhaps he wasn't dyslexic, just overactive, until he would read a word completely backward.

MR. AND MRS. RANDY FENDERSON,
North Whitefield, Me.

DRUGGING CHILDREN to make them sit still in class is another of society's aspirin answers—treating the symptoms rather than the disease. Instead of changing the structure of the child, we ought to be changing the structure of the school. I'd like to see schools where kids could learn to read

(*Continued on page* 66)

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—Arts Development Associates

THE ARTIST AS TEACHER

by BRADLEY G. MORISON

The arts have always been the stepchild of education. Despite glowing lip service to their importance, the average student has only the most meager encounter with the arts during his school years—and then only in ways that suggest they are peripheral to the really important business of education. A child may go through the first seven years of school and never come in contact with a teacher specially trained in the arts, except for a once-a-week visit of less than an hour by a music specialist. About once a year he may be bused off on a museum field trip or to a concert, and about as frequently he may be herded into a "cultural" assembly program that may present anything from a trained bear act to a chamber music ensemble. Otherwise his introduction to the arts is left to the harried classroom teacher of whom nothing less is expected than the virtuoso performance of a "Renaissance man."

But during the past few years, with increasing frequency, professional painters, sculptors, poets, dancers, filmmakers, musicians, and theater artists have been invited into classrooms to perform teaching functions beyond those traditionally expected of artists. They are not being asked to teach their art only to specially talented students, but to help introduce a far broader range of youngsters to the whole world of the arts. While they lack the standard teacher accreditation, they are making some exciting and unorthodox things happen in their classes, things that occasionally create tensions with traditional educators. Preconceived goals for the arts-in-education programs get rearranged. Traditional teaching methods may be abandoned for a free-spirited, experimental process. And words, ideas, and subjects normally taboo inside schoolhouse walls slip into the lively sessions.

The phenomenon is not yet so widespread that a majority of youngsters regularly see artists in the hallways of their schools, but the trend is unmistakable: Educators and arts administrators are more and more turning to the artist himself to help strengthen the esthetic dimensions of a curriculum heavily oriented toward career preparation.

The need for such a dimension has become increasingly and painfully obvious as we watch the quality of life disintegrate while affluence grows. As a society, we have excluded the arts from the mainstream of everyday living. They have been defined narrowly as a slice of Western European culture and have been considered unproductive activities in terms of the Protestant ethic. As such they are regarded as frills and are relegated to the periphery of society as an effete luxury for an elite few. The result is that we are tragically incapable of bringing the dimensions of beauty and humanity to

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the complex decision-making processes that shape our lives. Billboard-littered highways, sterile housing projects, and our bleak, destructive cities are teaching us the hard way that the arts must be a central concern for a sane society. Recent attempts in many school systems to strengthen emphasis on the arts and esthetics through traditional teaching methods and development of new curriculums have not been remarkably productive, and the increasing use of the professional artists in teaching situations is part of the search for alternatives.

For while opportunities for the student have changed little in ten years, concern about the situation has. In 1960, there was scarcely a nodding acquaintance between arts institutions and education. The schools, dazzled by technology, were content with marching bands and museum visits as the cultural ingredients of education. Artists and arts institutions took meager interest in education except to train ladies to guide students through galleries and to provide reduced-price tickets for performing arts events—all on the theory that simple exposure to the arts would make the children lifelong devotees.

But several events in the 1960s stimulated the development of a partnership. The performing arts world was stunned by statistical reports showing that, at most, 4 per cent of the population attended events in America's theaters, concert halls, and opera houses, and that the figure might be as small as 1 per cent. The soothing notion that busing groups of students to symphony concerts and Shakespearean productions was creating a burgeoning audience disappeared, and a gloomy concern about future ticket sales descended. Arts administrators asked educators what they could do to teach students to appreciate performances more, and educators began to reconsider their responsibilities to the arts and esthetic education. A dialogue began on a small scale.

But it took a kind of shotgun wedding presided over by the federal government (with its financial support) to get the partnership between the arts and education started on a large scale. With the passage in 1965 of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA), funds became available to the U.S. Office of Education that could be used to support programs in the arts, and its Arts and Humanities Program under Kathryn Bloom began to encourage school systems and arts organizations to develop cooperative projects. Later the same year, the National Endowment for the Arts was funded and began to underwrite similar activities, some in cooperation with the Office of Education. Together they launched the Laboratory Theater project in 1967, which enabled professional theater companies in Providence, New Orleans, and Los Angeles to bring live theater to secondary school audiences at the same time the plays were being studied in the classroom.

Most of the early programs, however, were designed simply to expose more children to more artistic experiences. There was little direct contact between artists and students and little experimentation with new curriculums, materials, or teacher training. For the most part, it was assumed that if performances and art exhibitions were made available, the teachers would do the rest. The assumption was largely wrong. Dr. Harold Arberg, the current chief of the Arts and Humanities Program, thinks the two partners just weren't ready for one another. "The arts organizations didn't know anything about education or understand the schools' problems, and the schools were ill-equipped to cope with anything to do with the arts," he says.

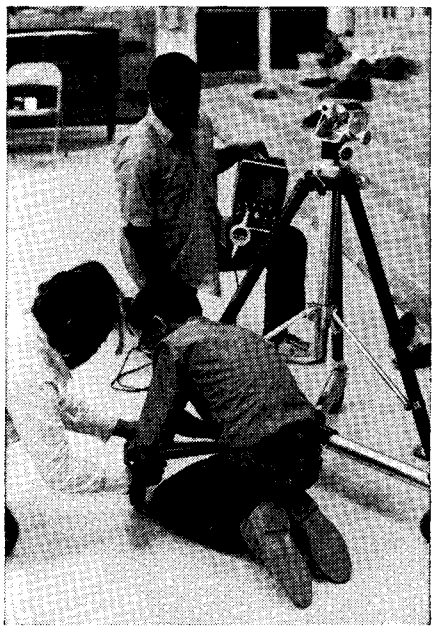
But experimentation continued, and as nearly $80-million was allocated for innovative pilot projects in the arts and related programs under Title III (of ESEA), more and more programs included curriculum development and teacher training projects. The effectiveness of these programs is difficult to assess, since many were discontinued when Title III funds withered away at the end of four years. But increasingly sophisticated experimentation is continuing under other auspices:

- The Arts in Education Program of the JDR 3rd Fund, Inc., has initiated three major projects designed to explore ways of "bringing all of the arts to all of the children" through new methods of teacher training, interdisciplinary programs of arts education at all levels, and instructional packages for teacher use.

- With $1-million in funds provided by the Education Professions Development Act, pilot projects are under way in five cities to improve the total educational climate of the schools by expanding the role of the arts. The objectives of this effort—Project IMPACT (Interdisciplinary Model Programs in the Arts for Children and Teachers)—include curriculum revision and teacher training. They also include bringing artists into the classroom.

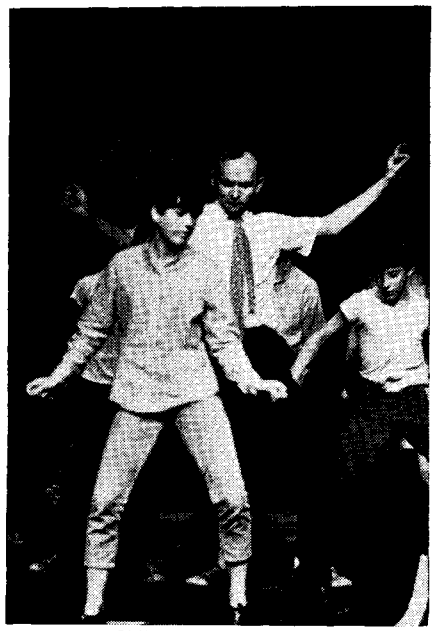
- Operating on transfer funds from the Office of Education, the National Endowment for the Humanities is conducting a study to identify and articulate the role of the arts in education.

The thrust in almost all the current experimentation is to integrate the arts more deeply into the curriculum as essential ingredients of literacy. Inevitably, the improvement of esthetic education will require teachers trained in different ways and in new curriculum guidelines and materials. But the reason professional artists are being drawn into the classroom process is that little noticeable improvement had been achieved, even in schools where the need for change was acknowledged at every level. The experience of the



—Beverly Pannell

At project YEOW in Atlanta, students blend mime, videotape, and music into their own art forms.



—Children's Theatre Co. (Minneapolis)

Actor-director John Donahue works with Minneapolis high school students in improvisation and movement classes.

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Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City with its Student Program provides a microcosmic view of the evolving relationship of the arts and education during the 1960s, and the problems and frustrations that brought the artist on the scene.

In 1960, before the first building in the Lincoln Center complex was completed, a small repertory of music performances that could go into the city's schools was developed in the belief that the center's members "represented a body of artistic achievement that should be made available to young people." In accordance with the prevailing thought of the day, it was further assumed that availability was all that was necessary to develop future ticket buyers.

At first, the schools treated the performances like ordinary assembly programs, with a salute to the flag and multiple announcements. The Lincoln Center organization treated the school appearances like any performance. But, by the end of the second year, it was evident that youngsters largely uninitiated in the performing arts could not be herded into an auditorium and be expected to respond. The people at Lincoln Center were learning a lesson a variety of other arts organizations would soon learn. "The performance alone can't educate," says Mark Schubart, the center's director of education. "Exposure isn't enough."

They also learned that students who received advance preparation for performances seemed to enjoy them more, and that artists who talked informally with their audiences were usually more appreciated. As a result, efforts were begun to give students some advance classroom preparation. Artists were encouraged to talk with student audiences, and informal, narrative elements were built into many new dance, opera, and theater programs as they were added to the repertory of the Student Program.

Schools were prodded to further action when the New York State Department of Education decided to co-sponsor the Student Program. This move allowed schools to share the costs out of their budgets and to use officially sanctioned classroom study time. In theory, Lincoln Center would provide the artistic component of the program and the State Department of Education and the school systems would provide the educational elements. It didn't work out quite that cleanly.

When in 1965-66 the program was expanded to fifty New York City schools under ESEA's Title III, the schools called for help. They wanted study guides for teachers and more guidance from Lincoln Center in relating performances to curriculum. In subsequent years, both the Lincoln Center Education Department and the state's Department of Education tried preparing curriculum guidelines. Study materials were created that aimed alternately at teachers and students, with varied results. An in-service training course for teachers was initiated and dropped a year later.

Although the Student Program as a whole was considered valuable and important by a majority of schools, the exact combination of educational ingredients proved elusive. All that was really obvious was occasionally some artists and some teachers were able to accomplish some magic of communication with students that was exciting and productive. So, for the 1967-68 school year, the application for Title III funds carried a request for "performing arts specialists to assist teachers." The Lincoln Center Resource Personnel Program came into being.

Ten artists—composers, singers, actors, conductors—were chosen and trained as master specialists or Resource Personnel (RPs), and three dance specialists were selected to assist them. In theory, through a series of twenty classes, the RPs would work with teachers in selected schools to prepare a designated group of students for in-school performances.

As the year progressed, what developed bore little resemblance to regular formal classes. Each situation took on a spirited life of its own, catalyzed by the individuality of the artist and students. Each RP had a slightly different approach, a slightly different reaction. "You've got to liberate the kids' own creativity." "You have to remove as much as possible the mysteries of artistic creation by revealing the skills and tricks of the creator and interpreter." "I want the kids to move up and around and through a piece of music. Their minds must fly." "You try to bring your own energy crashing through." "You have to help them learn to take in more and more through their senses and then react to it."

In a continuing series of seminars, RPs compared notes and developed new techniques. Excitement grew. The program grew. Poetry, mime, dance, film, music from folk to rock to Bach—every possible resource was employed by RPs, and sessions that were conceived as classes became dynamic interactions among artists, students, and often teachers. They became experiences aimed as much or more at developing the youngsters' own creativity and perception as at the original purpose of preparing students for in-school performances.

The Lincoln Center is an illuminating example of the general experience during the Sixties that led to the involvement of the artist in education. First, the discovery that exposure to the arts alone was not enough. Next, experimentation with study materials and lesson plans. Then, the realization that most teachers were not prepared to use them, followed by various attempts at traditional kinds of teacher training. Finally, the call to the artist for help.

As Nancy Hanks, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, has put it: "When you have a problem, it makes sense to turn to the person who knows most about the subject. None of us were satisfied with our progress in making the arts more central in education, and so we decided to look to the professional artist for help."

This winter the National Endowment

(*Continued on page 63*)

—A. V. Sobolewski, Lincoln Center

Students spontaneously join pianist Cliff Bowens in a class session at New York's Morris High School.

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WOULD HORATIO ALGER NEED A DEGREE?

—George W. Gardner

"Employers have stressed formal [schooling] requirements out of proportion to their relevance to economically useful job performance."

by JAMES W. KUHN

It has always seemed sensible to assume that more schooling produces better job performance. After all, as workers have increased their schooling, they have moved up the occupational ladder. During the past century, they climbed from the drudgery of farm labor to the routine of factory work; more recently, many have been stepping up to the more exalted status of white-collar employees.

A nation of farmers, to be sure, did not need much schooling. In 1870, when most of the gainfully employed labored on farms, half the youths attended the little red schoolhouse for fewer than five years. By the 1920s, however, the United States had become industrialized and needed men to work on assembly lines and to operate complex, heavy machines. The rising tide of factory workers during this period reached its high mark with half the labor force in blue-collar ranks. Almost every child then was completing eight years of elementary school, and more than a third of all teen-agers were finishing an additional four years of high school.

In the half century since 1920, white-collar occupations have rapidly replaced blue-collar jobs. White-collar employees now outnumber blue-collar workers by ten million; among them, professionals and technicians have increased their numbers faster than any other group. By 1975, the economy will need thirteen million of them, a 20 per cent increase over today's requirement. In preparing our youth for this growing number of white-collar jobs, still more years of schooling are added and more young people are urged to attend college. Almost all youths now attend high school, and three-quarters of them graduate. Half the college-age youths are enrolled in schools, and growing proportions of them are adding graduate training to their four years of college.

What is the reason for longer periods of schooling for more people? Some Americans believe that schooling is good in itself; many others are not sure of the intrinsic value of schooling, but they are convinced that it pays off. School counselors and employment agencies insist that the more schooling a man has, the more he earns. Census statistics indicate that in 1966, for example, male high school graduates averaged $2,600 more a year than men with only an eighth-grade schooling. College graduates received $3,600 more than those who stopped with high school. Over a lifetime, high school dropouts, on the average, receive only half the income of college graduates—a quarter of a million dollars less. Apparently, the more schooling one has, the better the opportunity for a higher-paying job, because more schooling is supposed to indicate higher qualifications.

Employers share this "common knowledge" and act on it. Schooling inculcates discipline, industriousness, and the good personal habits needed by productive workers, does it not? The ability to complete another four years in college must demonstrate a correspondingly higher degree of perseverance and seriousness of purpose. The more schooling a job-seeker has had, the more likely he is to be hired for almost any steady, well-paying work. For the past twenty years, most personnel managers have screened prospective employees primarily on the basis of schooling. All too easily assuming that length of schooling and desirable performance on the job are causally related, they hire first those with the longest school attendance. Dropouts are the last to be considered. With ample supplies of well-schooled applicants appearing on the job market each year during the 1950s and 1960s, the hiring standards became fixed. When older workers retired or left the job, they were replaced by high school graduates or, better, with those who had some years of college. Personnel managers ignored the fact that many of the retiring workers had had a limited amount of schooling and would have been considered unemployable school dropouts by today's standards.

In earlier times, factory employers who needed skilled workers to operate metal lathes, precision drills, forging presses, or other complicated industrial machines could not choose the high school graduate or college man from among their job applicants because there were too few of them to meet the job needs. Of necessity, they hired poorly schooled farm boys and young immigrants barely able to speak English. These youths made up the bulk of the available labor supply. In 1910, for example, only a little better than an eighth of all adults had had twelve or more years of schooling, yet a third

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of the labor force was employed in white-collar occupations, while many others were employed in demanding, skilled, technical jobs.

Dropouts have continued to make up a significant portion of the labor force. As of 1968, twenty-seven million employed workers—about 37 per cent of the civilian labor force—were contributing productively to the economy, even though they had received less than twelve years of schooling. Among these dropouts are two-and-a-quarter million professionals, technicians, managers, and business proprietors, as well as more than four million men in the skilled crafts. These workers acquired their skills and proved their worth to employers by learning on the job.

But times and technology change, and even though industry still relies on training programs, schooling remains the major criterion for hiring, and it is likely to become even more important. The 1969 *Manpower Report* of the Secretary of Labor tells us that even to work in semiskilled trades, "a high school education or prior skill training (or both) is likely to be increasingly necessary as the supply of persons with such preparation becomes larger." The report does not say, however, that advancing technology requires workers with more schooling but that since more such workers are available, employers will hire them first. Our faith in schooling increasingly allows employers to screen out the dropouts and still find an ample labor supply. In choosing high school graduates, employers no doubt assume they are securing the potentially better workers who can handle modern job conditions and meet the new technological demands. Presumably, the newly hired graduate comes to his job with more relevant knowledge and more finely attuned abilities than the dropout. The presumption is seldom examined by employers or by personnel administrators.

Recent studies indicate that a thoroughgoing and critical examination is due. Researchers for the National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress, in 1966, examined technological change in five industries: meat packing, rubber tires, machine shop trades, medical services, and banking. The industries present a wide spectrum of occupations, both blue-collar and white-collar, and the researchers found that overall skill requirements had not changed greatly during the fifteen years preceding their study. Despite the popular wisdom that warns of the imminent disappearance of all low-skilled work, such work is likely to be with us for a long time. Highly technical and scientific jobs are increasing rapidly in our exotic aerospace and electronic industries, but tens of millions of jobs for the labor force change skill requirements only slowly and gradually.

But even if much menial, routine, dull, and boring low-skilled work remains to be done, would not employers do better to hire more highly schooled persons to perform it? Many employers have assumed so, arguing that such persons fit in more easily and can be promoted more easily; in some not carefully defined and unanalyzed way, it is argued, these employees are surely better performers.

Ivar Berg, in a recent pioneering study, *Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery* (Praeger), examines these assumptions and analyzes the arguments in the light of extensive data. He concludes that little evidence supports them and much casts doubts on them. Employers interviewed in a wide sample of industries justified their use of schooling as a screening device by arguing that the more years of schooling, the better one's ability to get along with others and to make the most of opportunities. The more schooling, therefore, employers asserted, the greater the potential for promotion to higher-paying, more skilled, and responsible jobs. Unfortunately for the justification, Professor Berg's efforts to pinpoint the superiority of longer-schooled workers to those with less schooling proved exceedingly difficult. Business firms typically do not collect data that would allow one to measure the effect of the length and quality of schooling on job performance. Berg had to seek it out himself from scattered sources.

He looked first at the job performances of piece-rate workers and compared them with the workers' school-

(*Continued on page* 64)

—*Franklynn Peterson, Black Star*

—*William Rivelli*

"On the basis of our faith in schooling, we have decided the uncredentialed are unworthy to work on an assembly line, read blueprints, test chemicals."

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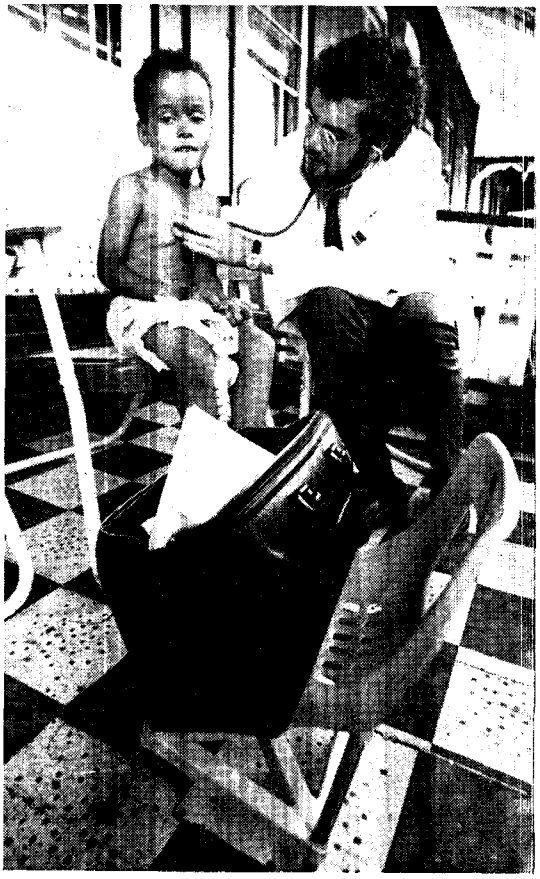

—Ed Eckstein, Bethel

The need grows, the funds decrease.

Our Ailing Medical Schools

by LEONARD BAKER

This past June the president of the Association of American Medical Colleges told a Congressional committee that the financial condition of the nation's medical schools was so perilous that the entire medical structure was near collapse. "Next year," Dr. John A. D. Cooper added, "I hope that I don't have to return to this committee to report that, in the face of increasing need for doctors, medical schools have closed."

The situation has steadily worsened since then and shows no sign of improving. Of the 103 medical schools now operating in the United States, more than half have received special federal grants to relieve financial distress. Applications for federal bail-out money already total $31-million for the 1971-72 school year. Among those medical schools publicly conceding their financial difficulties are Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, George Washington and Georgetown in the District of Columbia, and St. Louis University. The presidents of George Washington and Georgetown bluntly warned they will be unable to operate their medical schools unless they receive $13-million in federal aid for the current and next fiscal years.

Ironically, this crisis in medical education comes at a time when the United States acknowledges that it must increase its production of doctors. Not only must a deficit of 50,000 physicians be filled, but doctors must be distributed more evenly throughout the nation; medical care in slum and rural areas is almost non-existent.

The causes of this financial crisis are found in simple arithmetic. Average tuition for a medical student is less than $2,000 a year (excluding the student's living expenses). The cost of educating him is as high as $16,000. The difference in what the student pays and what the school spends to educate him must be made up by endowments and other gifts, state and foundation aid, and federal dollars.

As the pressures mount on the medical schools to produce more graduates, their deficits grow larger. This fall, for example, enrollment in the entering classes of the nation's medical schools totaled 11,360. That is an increase of 938 students over last year. In addition, the medical schools are beginning to respond to criticisms of their discriminatory practices by attempting to increase the number of black and other minority enrollees. During the 1969-70 school year, there were 440 blacks in the first-year class, or 4.3 per cent. This year they number 697, or 6.1 per cent of the entering class. Overall, they make up 3.75 per cent of all medical school students, compared to 2.76 per cent a year ago. But bringing in more blacks and other needy students on scholarships places a greater strain on the schools' financial resources.

Only the federal government has the resources to produce the extra money the schools require. However, rather than increase potential aid to the medical schools, the Nixon administration does not intend to meet present needs. Federal programs authorize grants of one-half the cost of medical school construction, with the remaining half coming from state and local sources. The nation's medical schools have budgeted for and are expecting to receive $275-million from the federal government this fiscal year for medical school construction grants, but against this expected figure, which is in reality a promise to pay by the federal government, the Nixon administration hopes to keep the figure down to $126-million.

The administration also hopes to limit its expenditures for curriculum reform and financial-distress grants in the 1970 fiscal year to $21-million. Already the applications for curriculum reform money total $44-million and for distress grants, $31-million—a total of $75-million. If the $13-million needed by Georgetown and George Washington is added, the need is four times the amount President Nixon plans to make available.

The case for increased federal aid is based on the fact that medical schools are engaged in a national endeavor rather than a state enterprise; more than half of the medical school graduates do not practice in the state where they took their medical education. It is not fair then, the argument goes, to expect the states to pay the increased costs. Moreover, federally funded medical education could result in federal policy objectives being achieved. In exchange for federal scholarships or other assistance, young graduates could be required to practice in the slums or the rural areas where the need is greatest.

The medical schools want a straight cost-of-instruction grant for each student. The Association of American Medical Colleges has called for a formula for instruction aid in which the amount of the federal grant to the school is determined by multiplying the number of enrolled students by $5,000. To keep up with inflation, the association wants that amount automatically increased to $9,000 by 1980.

This position received considerable support in October when, at the association's convention in Los Angeles, the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education presented its 128-page report *Higher Education and the Nation's Health*. The commission's report also recommended a straight cost-of-instruction grant for each student. Its figure was $4,000 for each student, and, to encourage the schools to increase enrollment, a second $4,000 for each student in excess of the 1970 enrollment. That money would go directly to the medical schools. [See box for

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other commission recommendations.]

The motivation behind the medical schools' seeking a cost-of-instruction grant formula is no mystery. The money comes automatically without the schools' having to justify a need each year, and without the government's having a motive to come in and examine the schools' financial records and accounting procedures.

Government officials prefer the present system in which the government comes up with distress grants when the medical school demonstrates a need. This gives the government the power to demand that the school make changes in its accounting procedures (to separate research or medical care expenditures from instructional costs, for example). But the disadvantage for the schools is visible this year. Without a formula to control expenditures, the government will not spend sufficient funds to rescue the schools.

Part of the blame for the present financial crisis lies with the medical schools. Undoubtedly, they have included some costs for research and for medical care delivery in their estimates of instruction costs rather than try to have them supported separately. More important, the schools are not willing to fight for adequate assistance. Only a few stalwart school administrators concede publicly that they are in financial trouble. When the schools apply for distress grants, it is with the understanding that the federal government will not identify them. Although public money is involved, the federal government—specifically, the National Institutes of Health—goes along with that understanding. Officials of the Association of American Medical Colleges talk up the dollar shortage as much as possible, but they also will not be responsible for identifying those schools in trouble. The chances of building up public support for greater aid for medical schools, then, hinge on vague comments to the effect that "x number of schools are in trouble."

There has been much talk in recent months about medical care delivery systems, of proper medical care being a right rather than a privilege. But good medical care requires trained personnel, primarily doctors, and they are in short supply now. To increase the supply in future years requires impressing upon the Nixon administration that funds must be appropriated immediately because the length of time required to educate doctors means that decisions made now will affect the quality of medical care in the 1980s. It is too late to affect the quality of medical care for most of the 1970s. We are beginning to realize how bad our medical care is. We cannot permit it to become worse.

Dr. Carnegie Prescribes

THE CONTEMPORARY CRISIS in medical education stems almost directly from the changes produced by Abraham Flexner's famous 1910 report in which he criticized the quality of the medical training provided in most of the medical schools of the time so strongly that many of them were forced to close down. Since then the emphasis in medical education has been on quality, not quantity, and Flexner's model, which provides for self-contained medical schools focusing on scientific research, has produced the mixed benefits of high-quality medical services at high cost to the patient.

Last month the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education issued a report, *Higher Education and the Nation's Health-Policies for Medical and Dental Education* (McGraw-Hill, 128 pp., $2.95), which said, in effect, that the Flexner model had brought about the desired quality of training and service but that new models were needed to make medical services of equal quality available to everyone at lower costs. Specifically, the report recommended the creation by 1980 of: 1) 126 health education centers throughout the country to train medical and dental students, to provide continuing education for local medical workers of all ranks, to advise local health authorities and hospitals, to assist local colleges in the training of health care workers, and, in general, to work at improving health care in areas where there are now no medical schools; and of 2) nine health-science centers for research in addition to the twenty-seven planned for construction during the decade. Nearly all of the existing medical schools in the country today fall into this category of health-science center, and the Carnegie Commission said that most of them should continue to function in this manner but that the training of additional medical and dental workers should be done by the 126 health education centers it proposed.

In addition, the commission recommended:

- Increasing, by 1980, the number of medical doctors by 50 per cent, dentists by 20 per cent, and trained medical and dental associates (who work under the general supervision of doctors and dentists) and assistants (who work under close supervision) to 3,500 per year.

- Shortening the training period of physicians from eight to six years and of dentists from four to three years.

- Increasing the opportunities for women and members of minority groups to become physicians, dentists, and paramedical workers.

- Increasing federal support for medical education to a total of $1-billion by 1980, providing for state support of private medical schools, adopting uniform medical and dental school tuition fees at a level of about $1,000 per year, providing grants of up to $4,000 per student per year to health training schools and grants of up to $4,000 per year to needy students.

- Establishing a National Health Manpower Commission to review needs for health-care workers.

- Creating a voluntary national health services corps to bring improved health-care service to low-income and rural areas.

- Reducing the ratio of faculty to students, which is "particularly high in medical education," entering two classes a year to make better use of teachers and facilities, teaching during the summer, and raising the minimum size of a medical class to 100 to obtain economies of size.

- Improving the curriculum by tying more closely together basic science and clinical instruction, by linking clinical instruction to patients with common illnesses or conditions, as well as to patients with unusual ailments, by creating several paths to the degree instead of one, depending on the students' backgrounds and special interests.

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Schools Make News

—*Valley Daily News, Tarentum, Pa.*

Kent State's Continuing Battle

THE PRESIDENT of Kent State University, Robert I. White, said last month that the Ohio grand jury report on the Kent shootings, in which National Guard bullets killed four students and injured nine, not only was inaccurate and "disregarded clear evidence" but represented a threat to the freedom of the university itself. Released in October, the grand jury report indicted twenty-five faculty members, students (including student president Craig Morgan), and young outsiders, while exonerating the National Guard. White said the most frightening part of the report was that ultimate guilt for the tragedy was placed on neither students nor guardsmen, but on the university administration itself, which, because it permitted a liberal student conduct code, radical speakers on campus, and a faculty that taught negative aspects of American life, made the university easy prey to "radical groups." Carried to logical conclusions, White said, this kind of rationale could squelch academic free speech and "would eventually destroy not only Kent State but all major universities in America."

The Ohio grand jury report differs on crucial points from two earlier federal reports, and the Justice Department is expected to decide shortly whether it will set up its own federal grand jury to check certain facts and to clarify inconsistencies. For example, both Justice's summary in August of the extensive FBI investigation and findings from the President's Commission on Campus Unrest published last month denied that guardsmen acted in self-defense when they fired at the students. The Ohio jury reported fifty-eight guardsmen "injured" in the clash, while the FBI found only one soldier with a bruised arm who needed medical attention. Further, a National Guard officer, Capt. Raymond Srp of G Troop, who told the FBI that "the lives of the Guard were not in danger. I didn't feel threatened, and I was in the middle of it," was not even called to testify before the grand jury.

In line with one specific Scranton Commission proposal, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird last month authorized additional non-lethal arms for the National Guard and increased training that would double the time units now devote to riot control. Laird asked Congress for $20-million to cover the costs of face shields, batons, and protective vests to limit the chances of the National Guard's firing into a crowd out of fear. Other items that will be issued guardsmen include shotguns, public-address systems, floodlights, radios, and tear gas.

Within the universities, the Scranton Commission recommended that large institutions be decentralized and students given the opportunity to evaluate their professors. The panel pointed to a recent survey it had ordered taken by the Urban Institute, a Washington research firm, that strongly correlated college size with incidents of student violence. (Less than 1 per cent of colleges with fewer than 1,000 students had experienced disorders since May 1, while 29 per cent of colleges with enrollments larger than 10,000 had.) Part of the student frustration and unrest could be alleviated, the commission said, by dividing huge universities into small residential units that would make the schools more personal and improve student-faculty contact.

Calls for Flexibility

IT WAS A LITTLE BIT like Moses asking that the Ten Commandments be revised. November saw two of the nation's most prestigious higher education agencies, one of which wields real power and the other with influence that, like God's advice, is defied only at high risk, issue reports sharply criticizing some traditional and time-honored procedures. A special study group appointed by the College Entrance Examination Board said that the board's college entrance tests were so narrowly conceived that they had a "stultifying" effect on higher education. As if getting into college didn't present enough problems, the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education issued a report calling for a series of reforms that would create more flexibility in college degree programs, implying strongly that most present programs were narrow and wasteful.

The College Board's twenty-one-member Commission on Tests, after three years of study and investigation, recommended that that board's national testing program be modified to serve not only the interests of the colleges but also those of the two million student applicants who currently take the Scholastic Aptitude Tests as prerequisites for college admission. Said the commission: "Being served incidentally, the students are served less well and are essentially captive (and paying) customers rather than an equally valued clientele of the College Board."

The commission urged in its two-volume report, "Righting the Balance," that SATs, measuring verbal and math skills, be replaced by a "flexible assortment" of other tests that could assess a wide variety of personal attributes, including artistic talent, sensitivity, political and social leadership, the ability to adapt to new situations, and commitment to social responsibility. The commission also recommended that more information about colleges—statistics on class size, student/faculty ratio, work-study programs, number of student dropouts and transfers and their reasons why, and student evaluations of academic departments—be made available to students to enable them to make better selections. (Copies of "Righting the Balance" are available from College Entrance Examination Board, Publications Order Office, Box 592, Princeton, New Jersey 08540; price of the two-volume set is $4.50.)

The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, in its fifth interim report, "Less Time, More Option," recommended that the time required for college undergraduate education be reduced from four to three years and proposed a vast rearrangement of the degree system that would cut the available number of degrees from 1,600 to about 160 broad degree areas in order to reduce "the now increasing emphasis on narrow certification." Instead, the commission urged a plan for four basic degree levels: an Associate of Arts, a Bachelor of Arts, a Master of Philosophy, and a Doctor of Arts or a Doctor of Philosophy. Each level would require approximately two years of study and would provide frequent and useful periods for both the student and college to assess progress; the plan

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would also give students more flexibility to interrupt college for work or to change career plans.

These reforms could salvage waste of both student time and society's resources, said the commission, and, if implemented, could save universities from $3- to $5-billion a year in operating costs by 1980—a crucial consideration highlighted by another Carnegie report, issued earlier this month, in which the financial inability of many colleges even to maintain existing programs was detailed. According to the second Carnegie study, entitled "The New Depression in Higher Education," two-thirds of the nation's colleges and universities, some 1,540 institutions enrolling 5.6 million students, either are "in financial difficulty" or are headed that way.

Costs, a growing student population, and demands for innovation and higher quality have outpaced income, resulting in a "financial crisis unmatched in its impact in any previous period in history." Federal support in real terms has declined, said the study, and campus violence has caused the university to spend increased amounts on security and insurance, while creating a backlash in diminishing public support. The report is based on an in-depth survey of forty-one major institutions. Large universities are the hardest hit. Harvard, the University of Chicago, and the University of Michigan are among those classified as "heading for financial difficulty"; Stanford, Berkeley, and New York University are listed as already badly suffering. (The Carnegie reports are published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Box 402, Hightstown, New Jersey 08520. "Less Time, More Option" costs $1.95; "The New Depression in Higher Education," available in February, is $6.95.)

The Demise of Dick and Jane

DICK AND JANE, the dynamic duo of declamation, the all-American reading team, along with their pets Spot and Puff and all their friends, who taught children to read for four decades, are going the way of McGuffey's Readers. No longer will first-graders return home spouting: "Look, Jane. Look, look, look." Or: "Run, Dick. Run and play." The basic reader featuring the clean, white suburban family prototype is being phased out by its creator, Scott, Foresman, one of the country's largest publishers of educational materials.

After four years of intensive research, the Glenville, Illinois, firm last month announced a new innovative "Reading Systems" program designed to teach children from varied backgrounds to read. The new systems approach consists of hundreds of items that can be carefully coordinated for personalized instruction to teach reading skills, according to how a child learns best, whether by seeing, hearing, or touching.

The program centers around various "core" materials, including small, rapidly read pupil booklets, teacher manuals, read-aloud library books, and magnetic boards on which students can arrange sentences, words, and objects. The books are not family-centered, but present the child as a personality in his own right, dealing with animals, inner-city life, fantasy, and adventure stories carefully selected for their appeal to children of various ethnic groups. Additional components range from linguistic blocks and alphabet and picture cards to games and puzzles and storybooks with cassettes or records.

The Reading Systems program, intended for kindergarten and the primary years, has twelve levels, with frequent assessment tests, and will be available for classroom use next spring.

Riles Surprises; Marland Contends

IN A SURPRISE election victory, Wilson Riles, a black, moderate educator, last month defeated Max Rafferty to become California's State Superintendent of Public Instruction—the first Negro to win statewide office in California. Riles, in the state's top education post, will assume Dr. Rafferty's places as a regent of the University of California, as a trustee of the California State Colleges, and as head of the State Board of Education.

Riles, fifty-three, is a man who made it up through the system in various teaching and administrative posts, becoming deputy superintendent under Rafferty in 1965. In challenging Rafferty's eight-year term in office, Riles charged that Rafferty was incompetent and that his conservative rhetoric had divided the state. Riles won despite Rafferty's endorsement by Governor Reagan and Nixon counselor Robert Finch, and strong support from right-wing Republicans in the state.

On the national level, administration appointee Dr. Sidney P. Marland is undergoing careful scrutiny by the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee in his bid for confirmation as U.S. Commissioner of Education, the post formerly held by James E. Allen, dismissed last June because of disagreement with Nixon policies.

Dr. Marland's appointment is controversial because of strong labor opposition, and the committee scheduled three days of hearings in November and December to gather testimony. The anti-union image of Marland stems from his refusal as Pittsburgh school superintendent to bargain with a teachers' union in 1968, which prompted a ten-day walkout. Dr. Marland testified last month that he was then acting in accordance with state law that prohibited exclusive teacher bargaining agreements.

A spokesman for the Labor and Public Welfare Committee said it was hoped Dr. Marland's appointment would reach the Senate floor for consideration before the Christmas recess.

Good-bye, Dick. Good-bye, Jane. They've been replaced by Scott, Foresman's "Reading Systems" program based on linguistics, storybooks, records, and games.

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

A Machiavellian View of the Academic Life

EXPOSES of the academic world usually are the work of frustrated young assistant professors who have been denied promotion and are eager to illuminate the evils of the system that is holding them back. *Academic Gamesmanship: An Irreverent Primer on How to Make a Ph.D. Pay* (Abelard-Schuman, 116 pp., $4.95) is an exception to the rule. Author Pierre L. van den Berghe, a third-generation academic, is a mature scholar who, because he is a tenured full professor, has little either to gain or to lose by telling it as it is. He presents his view of the true nature of the university in the guise of offering advice to youthful scholars. Just as Machiavelli in *The Prince* instructed ambitious young men in how to gain and hold power without asking ethical questions about either ends or means, van den Berghe tells graduate students and instructors how to get ahead as rapidly as possible without regard to the welfare of either undergraduates or institutions.

"Getting ahead is well worth the effort," says van den Berghe, "because a professor who has learned how to play the game enjoys a very good life, one that combines security and physical comfort with a high degree of independence: It is the surest road to a life of comfortable indolence if one feels so inclined, and of serene dedication to one's harmless manias if one chooses to 'work.'" But, though the Ivory Tower "is unquestionably the most pleasant microcosm in American society," outsiders are unaware of it because professors, in order to protect themselves, have promoted a set of elaborate myths about themselves and their world: 1) that an academic career requires superior ability, 2) that the material rewards of the academic life are meager, and 3) that academic life is dull.

The first myth, says the author, does not stand scrutiny. "The distribution of academic talent, as in all professions, follows a normal curve—i.e., most professors are mediocre, a few are incompetent, and a few are intellectually superior. It is highly questionable that college professors have a greater average ability than physicians, lawyers, watchmakers, plumbers, secretaries, or perhaps even army officers."

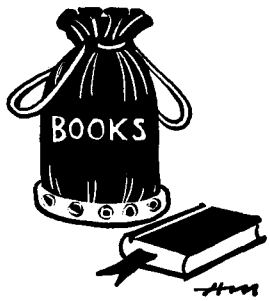
As for the second myth: "Even the young assistant professor is hardly impecunious with a starting salary of $10,000 to $12,000. In fact he roughly *begins* life at the national average with good prospects of doubling his income in a decade or less. The successful professor at a major university can easily earn $25,000 to $30,000—some three times the national average. His professional income includes, besides his regular salary, consulting and lecturing fees, book and article royalties, extra salary for summer teaching or research, not to mention opportunities for free trips to exotic places. . . ."

The third myth differs from the first two in that it is perpetuated by laymen rather than academics. But "The stereotype of the professor as a dull, pedantic bookworm spending his life ruining his eyes in a dingy library or over a microscope, or boring his students in the classroom, is, of course, a caricature of reality."

The view that colleges exist for students is "another of those astonishingly successful myths which professors have propagated for their own benefit." In fact, says van den Berghe, "The campus is a government of professors, for professors, and by professors. . . ." But the student who wishes to improve his lot by becoming a faculty member must first thread his way through the maze of graduate school to a Ph.D.

Upon receiving his Ph.D., the young scholar is advised to move as quickly as possible into the academic "mainstream"—the series of graded appointments that lead eventually to a professorship. Research jobs in institutes are to be avoided (even though they often pay more) because they have no well-defined status within the academic hierarchy and, being supported by grants for a limited number of years, they lack permanence and security.

Administrative careers also lie outside the academic mainstream. To a layman, a deanship or a college presidency may seem more prestigious than a professorship, but, within the academic world, some professors rank much higher in the pecking order than any administrator.



But moving up in the academic mainstream does not mean staying in the same university or college. "The cardinal principle of career advancement is, when in doubt, move. In order to move up fast in rank and salary you must either move out in space or threaten to do so . . . the fewer your roots, the more unimpeded your race to the top." The author admits that the nomadism of the academic fraternity is wasteful to the colleges and harmful to the students but says, "For the professors it is enormously profitable."

Though they are highly competitive, academic men compete for prestige rather than for wealth or power. The reason is that real power is not available to them and the differentials in wealth are not very great, while the differentials in prestige are enormous. Because prestige on the national level results primarily from publication, van den Berghe advises the young scholar to publish regularly, preferably in prestige journals. When he turns to writing books he should bear in mind that his goal is not to make money from royalties and that an interesting and clearly written book that becomes a best seller will be a handicap to his professional reputation. His goal is prestige and the promotions that come with it. "A first book is worth at least $2,000 in annual salary increment until retirement age, while royalties seldom bring in more than $500 to $1,000 for two or three years."

Book writing is not beyond the capabilities of even a mediocre professor because "a successful academic man in the verbose fields can blow up a ten-page article into a 500-page book, and then will also publish, under different titles, half a dozen articles which repeat each other and what is said in the book." But, while young academic men should publish regularly, full professors have less need to publish. "In fact, if you attain national stature it is probably best to stop publishing altogether, on the ground that your reputation can only decline by further exposure to intellectual scrutiny."

Van den Berghe offers one bit of advice that will infuriate some readers, even though there is an element of truth in it: "If you belong to a 'minority group' . . . you are at a distinct advantage and you should make the most of it. Academics are well known to be liberals and free of vulgar prejudices. . . . Academics are so extraordinarily sensitive to any imputation of racism, anti-Semitism, xenophobia, or what have you that a minority-group person can easily blackmail himself into a promotion. In fact, in most cases, he will not even need to do so, because his WASP colleagues will gladly apply a double standard without any prompting on his part." And he adds that for-

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eigners are the darlings of academe because every department wants to have a reputation for urbanity and cosmopolitanism.

Despite its ironic tone, this book contains too many hard facts and simple truths to be classed as satire. Only occasionally is the information presented misleading—the statement about the affluence of academic men, for example, applies only to the top professors who, in addition to writing the textbooks, get the consultantships and the profitable speaking engagements. The more typical academic man is lucky to make as much as a truck driver, who had a good income during all the years that the professor spent in college and graduate school. And van den Berghe's doubt that professors, on the average, are any brighter than watchmakers or plumbers indicates that he is unaware of the evidence from Army General Classification Test scores.

While most of what the author says about the road to advancement has been true in recent years, his advice is less sound for those who are young today than it would have been for those who were climbing the ladder in the Fifties or Sixties. The present oversupply of candidates for academic jobs will substantially reduce the mobility of faculty members—the man who leaves his job in search of rapid advancement may find that he has no place to go. The advice to spend only a minimal amount of time and effort on teaching is becoming dangerous. By the time today's instructors are ready for promotion to full professorships, students will be sitting on the committees that recommend the promotions. Slipshod teachers who are scornful of undergraduates will have a hard time. The graduate student who reads this book had best take it as a commentary on a bygone era rather than as advice to be followed in the Seventies.

Probably van den Berghe hopes that his advice will not be followed for, although he does not recommend specific changes in higher institutions, he obviously does not applaud the system he describes. In his concluding paragraph he asks: "Can a university which exists primarily for the benefit of its mandarins survive in a society that indulges in at least the rhetorical pretense of democracy?" The answer clearly is "no"—the forces, both internal and external, now bearing upon the traditional university system will necessitate substantial changes. Prior to 1964, Berkeley was a splendid example of a university "of, by, and for the professors." But, in this age of Aquarius, such universities will not survive. The students will see to that.

New Books

Whitetown USA, *by Peter Binzen (Random House, 305 pp., $6.95)*, is going to raise some hackles. Certain of its cast growl about "nigger-lovers" and "the lowdown Negro race." Feeling threatened, forgotten, uncertain about his own or America's future, the Whitetowner inhabits a narrow row house in Boston's Charlestown, New York's Belmont, Cleveland's Near West Side, Chicago's Uptown, or the poorer white sections of Philadelphia and Detroit. Under Binzen's talented pen, however, the Whitetowner emerges as much less of a stereotype than the title suggests. Reasonably, Binzen warns that the WASP conception of Whitetowners as "beer-swilling, racist neanderthals" is little more constructive than a Whitetown image of the Negro as "stupid, immoral, and lazy." The free flow and structural lumpiness of certain chapters on schools may bother some readers. Just the same, here is a compelling version of more recent adventures in American self-scrutiny.

Today's Academic Condition, *by Samuel B. Gould (McGraw-Hill, 101 pp., $4.95)*, amplifies for Americans Whitehead's dictum that celibacy does not suit a university and that a university should mate with action. First delivered as Colgate University Founders' lectures, Gould's remarks come to grips with taxpayers doubting the value of their investment in education, militants demanding amnesty as a condition of protest, and pedants whose old notes exhibit "years of repetitive thumbing." Drawing from the sort of wide experience that brought him to leadership of the State University of New York, Chancellor Gould cites Martin S. Dworkin's concept of a new educational "architecture" to bolster his vision of "communiversities." These fields of deliberate and incidental educational force will, says Gould, preclude indefinite perpetuation of that introspective stuffiness marking all too many contemporary academies. One hopes he is correct.

The Campus Scene: 1900-1970, *by Calvin B. T. Lee (David McKay Company, Inc., 178 pp., $6.95)*, serves as an informative reminder that student skepticism concerning the alleged muddling of over-thirty adulthood dates at least from the turn of the century. As one who has seen much of university life, the author proffers a popular recapitulation of campus change. Younger readers may learn with surprise of student rebellion, *circa* 1920, against an older generation whose only legacy was a ruined world. Others enjoying post-thirty decrepitude will perhaps find in Lee's attention to fashion, music, film, and literature the ideal guide to a sentimental journey. Further documented by more than a hundred photographs depicting activities as disparate as hoop rolling at Wellesley (1900) and an Afro-American demonstration at Cornell (1969), *The Campus Scene* is well worth some light but sustained reading time.

Conflict and Dissent in the High School, *by Kenneth L. Fish (The Bruce Publishing Company, 187 pp., $6.95)*, attempts to reconcile pure pragmatism and high theory regarding regulatory aspects of American high school education. Dr. Fish has been around. As principal of New Jersey's Montclair High School, he learned firsthand about racially motivated confrontation. As NASSP research nominee, he visited the nation's high schools, not a few of which protested to the accompaniment of shattering glass and flying chairs. This book is not for the complacent. But it is no mere doom-and-gloom forecast. It offers a wealth of considered advice for parents, teachers, and students. Some of these are going to object to a certain fatigued reaction to the "four hundred years of slavery" theme and the generous supply of "shoulds" and "oughts" that sprinkle Fish's pages. But few will doubt its competence, its sincerity, or its importance.

The Catholic University: A Modern Appraisal, *edited by Neil G. McCluskey, S. J. (University of Notre Dame Press, 375 pp., $12.50)*, is a model of editorial finesse. Its aim—debating the nuances of freedom and authority—is clear from the start. Following a prefatory declaration that here is "no task for amateurs or dilettantes," the book develops recent thinking on the nature, governance, problems, and accomplishments of the Catholic university with special reference to the centrality of theology. At the hands of the editor himself and such prominent minds as Norbert A. Luyten, Edward Schillebeeckx, Lorenzo Roy, John Tracy Ellis, and other internationally recognized scholars, a dozen and a half pointed essays achieve that elaborate unity that constitutes the true grace and persuasion of gifted editorship.

Children at School: Primary Education in Britain Today, *edited by Geoffrey Howson (Teachers College Press and Heineman Educational Books, Ltd., 172 pp., $2.95)*; **Teaching in the British Primary School,** *edited by Vincent R. Rogers (Macmillan, 307 pp., $3.95)*, come as yet another pair of collections

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radiating the excitement of British early schooling. The first of these new paperbacks, edited by a Britisher who modestly excludes his own remarks from the work, offers excellent articles on a range of subjects from aims and English for immigrants to drama and art, written by British inspectors, headmasters, university people, and special advisers. Developed by a busy American whose asides tell of his "four cartons of notes taken on 3 x 5 cards," the second title also compiles first-rate contributions written by British school heads, teachers, and consultants. Topics include philosophy, grouping, team teaching, and creative writing, together with Rogers's own interesting, speculative wrapup that takes a shot at that most elusive of targets—accounting for success. A couple of worthwhile releases if children interest you.

Oh! Sex Education!, *by Mary Breasted (Praeger, 343 pp., $7.95),* examines the history, politics, and substance of a much-emphasized branch of instruction. Miss Breasted writes with *Village Voice* bite. Her Anaheim respondents, pro and con, show as Rightist, Disneyland caricatures whose children "um" and "ah" and scrape their feet with determined embarrassment as they run the interview gantlet between horrified parents and dedicated teachers. But Miss B. writes with balance, too, and, though an unblushing supporter of sex education, is far from satisfied that delegates attending the National Council on Family Relations provide a particularly inspiring leadership group. Her portraits of such major protagonists as Mary Calderone and Gordon V. Drake and character sketches of devotees as different as Mrs. Fon Pippinger of Los Alamitos and Jim Malfetti of Teachers College, Columbia, show fresh, vivid strokes. Devoid of gross iconoclasm, this sincere, witty book will surely provoke strong interest.

The Distinctive College: Antioch, Reed, & Swarthmore, *by Burton R. Clark (Aldine, 280 pp., $8.95),* addresses the most delicate job of producing a readable institutional study of the bubble "reputation" by means of sociological and historical techniques. It is a job well done, though. Clark argues that common to college distinctiveness is what he terms the "organizational saga." In the case of all three schools, a legend grows around such early dramas as beleaguered presidents, determined replacements, crises of governance, and their bold resolution. Safely within the limits of advised extrapolation, a concluding essay speaks broadly of college evolution. A versatile addition to the literature of higher education. —JOHN CALAM.

BOOK REVIEW

Epitaph for an Epoch

INVESTMENT IN INNOVATION: An Historical Appraisal of the Fund for the Advancement of Education

by Paul Woodring

Little, Brown, 323 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Fred M. Hechinger

Between 1951 and 1967, the Fund for the Advancement of Education, a subsidiary of the Ford Foundation, spent $70-million on what it considered investments in innovation. The sum sounds considerable, but when compared to the hundreds of billions spent routinely on the huge enterprise of education during that period, it is remarkable that so little money could do so much and upset so many.

There can be, as there has been, much disagreement over the nature of that impact—wave of the future to some, earthquake to others. But there can be no question that the fund has left its mark on American education. Paul Woodring successfully defines the nature of that mark. But he does more than that: He offers a history of a short but peculiarly troubled period in American education. While his assignment as the chronicler of the fund's short but stormy life might have limited his view, he was fortunate to be writing about a group of men and women who got into the thick of every vital controversy and took pleasure in being controversial in an age that takes comfort in blandness.

This made it inevitable that many of the fund's favored projects were slow to gain acceptance. To press for the use of television in the classroom, at a time when intellectuals thought it the mark of sophistication to write the whole invention off as the "boob tube," may not have seemed very realistic then. When the school system of Hagerstown, Maryland, was wired for picture and sound, it was little more than an oddity. Not until *Sesame Street,* more than a decade and a half later, was the fund proved dramatically right.

To plot and campaign for the use of teacher aides sans degrees or even training, at a time when the self-contained classroom was the teacher's castle and the teachers colleges' Monroe Doctrine, seemed like an outrage and a heresy. Yet, the new armies of paraprofessionals in the urban schools today are the outgrowth of that early pioneering, which admittedly was motivated by quite different concerns.

Parenthetically, it ought to be acknowledged, too, that to use foundation funds to establish a special education section in a magazine of general circulation, *SR,* was so unorthodox a departure that it nearly jeopardized the fund's internal peace. Once Paul Woodring, as the section's original editor, charted an obviously independent course for the monthly supplements, those doubts also evaporated.

The most daring of the fund's involvements was less a matter of a specific grant or project than an ideological conviction that the limp and sagging attitude of the education establishment toward intellectual rigor and quality controls constituted a crisis of the first order. The fund's leadership went into these swamplike compounds of the status quo with open minds and courage that is not often the mark of institutionalized philanthropy.

This is not to say that the fund was always right, or that Woodring is bashful about pointing it out when it was obviously wrong. Its obsession with theories about the feasibility of large-group instruction, even in elementary school, showed an insensitivity to the problems of real children and their teachers. Large amounts of money given to Mortimer Adler's backtracking expeditions into Scholasticism are gently parodied in Woodring's account of fruitless philosophical monologues in a thirty-room mansion.

More serious, the fund was as unaware as everyone else, including the government and the profession, of the gathering urban storm. Despite that blindness, it would be foolish not to concede that the schools would be even less prepared to deal with that crisis had the fund not helped to lift them out of their intellectual lethargy.

Woodring established his credentials as a shrewd observer and rational voice during the stormy 1950s. He stood for calm and decency when the schools, viciously attacked from many directions, had neither the wisdom nor the will to take their stand on the side of professional liberalism and self-reform.

Quite apart from the fund's history,

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this book offers a perspective on present problems by illuminating the recent past. Those worried and dissatisfied Negro and Puerto Rican parents who, in their insistence on changes in the urban schools attended by their children, are so readily denounced as disruptive militants might take heart from the company they have joined. School administrators in the 1950s, recalls Mr. Woodring, "came to see the youthful, educated, and sometimes opinionated suburban matron and her articulate, aggressive husband as a threat to the stability of the schools." Critical middle-class parents, then the shock troops of reform, were seen as "enemies of the schools."

The regularity with which the professional establishment opposed virtually all innovations proposed and subsidized by the fund and the frequency with which the same professionals hailed and adopted these same innovations a decade or more later add up to a vital lesson: the overriding importance of constant critical pressure by responsible but progressive outside forces. Left alone, the education profession, like any sheltered establishment, is self-condemned to obsolescence.

Opponents of the inherent arrogance of innovation by outsiders, particularly the moneyed kind, tend to resort to Agnewesque charges of an Eastern Establishment subversion of Middle American values. Ironically, the architects of the fund, Clarence Faust and Alvin Eurich, respectively natives of Defiance, Iowa, and Bay City, Michigan, had met as undergraduates in the unlikely place of North Central College at Naperville, Illinois, a small campus of the Evangelical Church.

If anything, it was the Eastern Establishment in the form of the Ford Foundation itself that, increasingly nervous about the exploits of its independent offspring, said, "Enough already." As early as 1957, the fund's independence was curtailed and its personnel and activities were merged with those of the foundation. By 1967, when the end came in that inevitable epitaph of the final press release, the fun and vigor had long gone out of the fund's life.

Paul Woodring's honest and objective account serves as a reminder, not only that investment in innovation pays off, but that the conventional Establishment cannot be counted on to have the courage to innovate, without a rich but iconoclastic angel in the wings.

Fred M. Hechinger, formerly education editor, is now a member of the editorial board of The New York Times.

Artist as Teacher

Continued from page 53

for the Arts, together with the U.S. Office of Education, launched the largest project yet to put artists into classrooms. With funds totaling $900,000 transferred from the OE budget, the project is helping arts councils in twenty-six states start programs involving professional artists performing, working, and teaching in schools. In most of these programs, artists from just one discipline are involved. In Minnesota, for instance, the program brings in only theater artists. But in Rhode Island, painters, sculptors, dancers, theater artists, and musicians will be in schools throughout the state.

The decision by the National Endowment and the OE to launch the artists-in-the-schools program on a major scale stemmed largely from the success of a pilot project the previous year. Early in 1969, the National Endowment commissioned the Central Midwestern Regional Educational Laboratory (CEMREL) in St. Louis to assess the value of placing professional visual artists into schools on a full-time, in-residence basis. In the fall of 1969, teams of four sculptors and two painters moved into secondary schools in San Diego, California; Jefferson County, Colorado; Palm Beach, Florida; St. Paul, Minnesota; and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In short order, each experiment took on a life of its own.

In rural Evergreen High School in Colorado, painter Don Coen and his students designed a maze of darkened, tactile rooms to teach people a new awareness of their environment. Before the year's end, nearly 5,000 people from the surrounding territory had groped and staggered through the sensorium.

In a school hallway in St. Paul, sculptor Charles Huntington and students of Ramsey Junior High School worked together on a welded sculpture, which, to the delight of the entire student body, soon became so large and permanent that it could never be removed from the building. At the same time, Huntington was conducting four nine-week classes that, among other things, seemed to make welding a way of life for Ramsey teachers and students.

In Palm Beach, sculptress Helen Evans introduced students to her epoxy and resin medium, helped teach a humanities course, and took students on field trips to museums, on photographic explorations of the area, and to the beach to do sand casting.

At Philadelphia's Overbrook High School, when the year ended and it was time for water-colorist Mac Fisher to close up his studio, a student petition was circulated to have the program continued. In part, the students declared:

> The artist provides a source of advice for the art and non-art student. He serves as a source of inspiration for the non-art students. His room serves as a show place for any art work done by students. His room provides a good atmosphere in which the students can take pride. His value to the faculty and the betterment of the school has been proved by his overwhelming popularity from the time of his admission to the time of his sad and unwanted departure. . . . His room serves as a place for free expression. The artist also enacts the part of an out-of-school counselor to some students who feel they cannot talk to their counselor at school.

Whether or not the petition was responsible, Fisher is back at Overbrook this year. Programs in cities in three other states also have been continued or expanded.

These facts, plus personal observations and interviews by the CEMREL staff and the enthusiasm of participants, confirm the impression that the project succeeded beyond expectations. The project's director, Stanley Madeja, feels the program has shown that the artist can supply a unique esthetic dimension to the educational process and can be accepted in the schools despite his different life-style. "We wanted to show that this kind of thing could work without causing a revolution," he said. "As far as I'm concerned, the fact that no artist was thrown out of a school is the real indication that the project was a success."

But Lincoln Center and the National Endowment were not alone in discovering the kind of impact that certain

WIT TWISTER #195

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This challenge the old Breton shipbuilder hurled:
"My _ _ _ _ _ are the finest in all of this world!
"My _ _ _ _ _ is not idle. To prove that it's true,
"I'll wager my _ _ _ _ _ against your old shoe!"

—ANNA P. HANNUM, Secane, Pa.

(*Answer on page 66*)

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artists could have on both students and teachers. A poet-in-residence program now in its fourth year in the Minneapolis public schools not only turned on students to poetry but stimulated a number of English teachers to write their own poetry, to bring bearded and beaded college student-poets into their classrooms, and to introduce subject material and language into classes that raised the eyebrows of more than one principal. In a composer-in-residence project in another school system, a group of music teachers who hadn't written a note of music since college suddenly began composing, eventually gave a concert of their own compositions, and took an entirely new approach to the teaching of music.

And in Atlanta, Georgia, an ambitious project called YEOW (Youth Experimental Opera Workshop) brings as many as forty students each quarter into a full-time workshop with two composers, a choreographer-photographer, and an actor-director. Together they explore photography, electronic music, videotape recording, mime, dance, music, improvisation—developing their own forms of art as a means to heightening their perception.

Not all artists are able—or willing—to teach. And the ability to teach the arts in these imaginative ways is not the exclusive property of artists. There are teachers who possess the same sort of charismatic talent.

But the frequency with which artists in the schools produce a dramatic response from students begs the question: Why has the artist been so dramatically successful in turning on students to the arts?

There seem to be at least three major factors that should be taken into account: First, the life-style of the artist can often help him to establish rapport with students. Many teachers interviewed about the CEMREL pilot project believed that the artist suggests an alternative pattern for living and working to which young people respond. Class members in a New York City junior high insist they communicate well with their RP because he looks and dresses so much differently from their regular teachers.

Second, the artist's approach to the teaching process is generally free-spirited, improvisatory, and unstructured. Nothing in the creative situation is either right or wrong. The artist tries to get the student to break the rules in the creative process, to break free of restrictions. One artist who has been working in the classroom for several years admits frankly that he considers his mission a subversive one. He is trying to get the youngsters to break out of the box he believes the schools are trying to fit them into. "I try to communicate to them what I personally feel like," he says. "And I feel free."

But perhaps the major reason many artists are exciting students about the arts is their decidedly different way of looking at the arts. For most educators and administrators, "the arts" means a certain body of artistic literature—a well-defined slice of Western European "high culture" to be exhibited or performed or "appreciated." To artists, "the arts" are first of all experiences people should perceive and respond to. And therein lies the crux of a subtle but significant difference in viewpoints. From the one, the educational approach tends to be verbal and intellectual. From the other, it must be almost non-verbal and sensuous. The artist feels that to respond to art one must be able to perceive experience. The first step is to develop and train the senses. And that's where he begins. He involves the students in a creative process that in itself is exhilarating and illuminating. And in that process, the young seem to feel they are learning something of importance that they do not learn elsewhere in school. In a blunt statement that didn't help improve the educator's queasy opinions of the YEOW project in Atlanta, one boy said, "I finally learned something in school that is going to be important in my life." What he and other youngsters like him may be telling us is that the artist has more to offer them in the educational setting than the educators and arts administrators ever expected.

Few disagree that the world is changing more rapidly than ever before in history. No child will ever again live in the same world his parents lived in. As the rate of change accelerates, it becomes increasingly important to be able to learn from our own experiences rather than from the experiences of others in the past. The ability to perceive and respond to experience thus becomes as important as the ability to read and understand words.

It may be that the young understand this better than their elders and that they appreciate and respond to the artist because of his unique ability to help develop this needed perception.

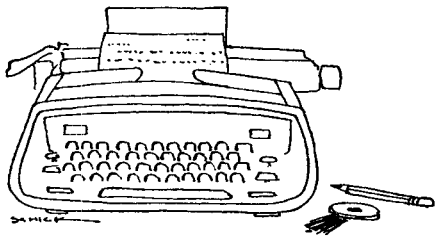
Whether the growing number of experiments with artists in the classroom will bear out this sort of speculation, only many years will prove. But the remarkable interactions that are often being produced among artists, students, and teachers suggest that current and future projects of this nature should be watched carefully—not just for clues to strengthening the esthetic dimension of education, but for what the artists may be able to show us about the relevance and humanization of education as a whole.

Horatio Alger

Continued from page 55

ing. The productivity measure in this case is reasonably objective and unambiguous. A random sample examination of the records of nearly 2,000 female textile workers employed by a Mississippi company revealed that the schooling of high and low producers did not differ to any statistically significant degree, although the *less* productive women had slightly *more* schooling.

In a comparable study of 762 workers in four departments of a Southern hosiery manufacturing plant, Berg made the same findings. Productivity was related to age, family stability, and various intra-organizational factors, but it was not associated with school achievement among day-shift workers. Among the night-shift workers, schooling was inversely related to good job



performance, defined in terms of either low turnover or high productivity.

An examination of the job performance and schooling records of other blue-collar workers confirmed the first two findings. Among installation crews of two privately owned, urban utility companies, workers in an auto assembly plant located near New York, and the non-managerial employees in two large urban department stores, there was no evidence that performance or job ratings had any relationship to schooling. For example, so few promotions could be explained by workers' school records that Berg had to discount it as a factor. It should not surprise anyone that seniority accounted for most of the promotions; this fact suggests that whatever the school background new workers bring to the job, their experience and on-the-job training will qualify almost all to climb the existing skill ladders.

Since schooling may be more important to job performance for the higher occupations, Berg examined the records of both white-collar and blue-collar workers. The results of an analysis of the performances and schooling of technicians in a paper company shocked its officials: Berg discovered no association between the school attainments of the technicians and the evaluations they received from supervising personnel. In another case, he analyzed the merit pay increases

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awarded to more than 100 secretaries employed by one of the largest magazine publishers. Again, there was no discernible relationship between either the amount or the number of rewards for performance and the schooling achievements of the girls. All had attended some post-high school programs, but none had graduated from college.

The records of 4,000 debit agents of the Prudential Insurance Company showed that the performance of high school graduates rarely differed more than a few percentage points from otherwise comparable college graduates. Since the company had previously conducted extensive personnel research, its officials had already stopped considering formal education in its weighted application form used in the selection of agents. In a study of 500 tellers in the branch offices of a major New York bank, performance was measured by turnover and by the number of lost accounts. By either measure, performance was *inversely* related to school achievement. The branches with the worst performance records, in fact, proved to be those in which a disproportionately and significantly high number of employees were attending school after working hours.

The case of air traffic control personnel working for the Federal Aviation Agency resembles that of the bank tellers. The complicated, technical requirements for the controllers' job and the necessity of maintaining extraordinarily high performance at all times suggest that schooling would show to good effect here. Controllers need the disciplined mind that an engineering or mathematics major is schooled in, and the job requires men with the characteristics that technical college training might be expected to develop —reliability, steadfastness, quick thinking, and the ability to assume responsibility. Yet, half of the 507 air controllers who had attained government rating 14 or above had no formal schooling beyond high school.

Further, there was no pattern of differences in job grades among men with different school records. Forty-three per cent of the men had earned awards and honors, which may be used as a very rough measure of performance. Non-college graduates *without* managerial training earned the most awards. Nevertheless, FAA officials expect to raise the schooling requirement for new employees in the future. They assume that the increasing complexity of air traffic control will require men with a longer period of schooling; at the least, FAA officials believe that they must raise schooling qualifications if the agency is to keep up with hiring "standards" of the rest of the government boards, bureaus, and agencies.

Literacy and the Delicate Arts

As Professor Kuhn has noted, there are few occupations open today to individuals who do not possess at least a high school diploma. But the irresistible nature of the cultural forces demanding educational credentials of all manner of men was brought home with particular poignancy in a *New York Times* story last month. Reporting the problems faced by one of the largest Mafia families in selecting a successor to the recently deceased leader, the *Times* noted that one of the top candidates for the job, Charles Tourine, is "reported to be one of the biggest moneymakers in the family," with extensive gambling interests in Las Vegas, the Caribbean, and New York, and is described by police as possessing "a keen native intelligence." Unfortunately, he is illiterate, the *Times* said, and "his lack of education would make him unsuitable to take over the family in these days when organized crime is moving into legitimate business and other delicate fields."

Performance data for those in the high prestige and pay occupations—professionals and managers—hardly exist. No knowledgeable person is comfortable in attempting to evaluate the quality of professional or managerial output; no satisfactory performance measures have been devised, and criteria are as various as they are subjective. Berg did tease out some inconclusive but suggestive findings from a report on 620 engineers and scientists employed by six large electrical equipment manufacturers. These employees, he found, were paid more on the basis of their degrees than on their evaluation of worth to the company. Men with master's degrees, for example, who were designated by *management* as among the 20 per cent of scientific personnel "relatively most valuable in terms of present performance and potential" received an average salary $1,000 *less* than men with doctorates who were rated less valuable.

All of Berg's evidence points one way: Schooling and job performance are, at best, only loosely related to each other. While his data are too fragmentary to constitute proof, they warn that the nation's faith in a productivity pay-off from schooling may be misplaced. As we increase schooling for ever greater numbers of youths, we

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may actually impair job performance. Perhaps, he suggests, schooling is beginning to outrun the increase in skilled and technical positions. Growing numbers of high school graduates may be disappointed in their employment, and job expectations may remain unfilled. Primed by their schools to look for highly skilled and technical positions, they discontentedly may have to fill jobs that offer much less. Meanwhile, dropouts, who could perform the work and surpass their more modest hopes, are not even considered for hiring.

A recent and continuing program of the Defense Department, Project 100,000, also indicates that the usual hiring standards are stiffer than they need to be and unnecessarily deny job opportunity to those with less schooling. The project has demonstrated convincingly that employers have stressed formal requirements out of proportion to their relevance to economically useful job performance.

Over the past few years, the armed services have admitted 173,000 "new standard" men, who earlier would have been disqualified on mental or physical grounds. Most have been high school dropouts with a median reading ability of a sixth-grader. Almost half had failed or repeated grades in school. While entrance standards have been lowered, it is important to note that performance standards have not been; they have remained the same for "new standard" men as for all others. With the exception of a few who could hardly read at all, most "new standard" men have received no special training or treatment. Their performance and promotion rates have been clearly satisfactory; after a year in service, nine out of ten of these men previously considered not qualified for service were performing effectively.

Our obsession with the benefits of education has obscured for us the limits of schooling. Unwilling to supply

the variety of educational experiences and quality of teaching services needed to reach poor students, whose interests and preparation differ greatly from the middle-class average, we have blamed them and excused our school system.

We cannot escape the fact that certain groups of our citizens receive the poorest and the least schooling. Whatever may be their native abilities and potential on the job, we refuse them work opportunities through which they could demonstrate their worth and develop their skills.

Arbitrarily, on the basis of our unquestioned faith in schooling, we have decided that the uncredentialed—the unschooled—are unworthy to work on an assembly line or to join pipe, install electric wiring, build houses, read blueprints, program computers, or test chemicals. Although such work may require but a fraction of the potential abilities of any average man with an average schooling, we deny the work to those who have not endured the prescribed number of hours in classrooms to certify for graduation.

As Berg points out, the result of using school credentials as a "screening device" is to "effectively consign large numbers of people, especially young people, to a social limbo defined by low-skill, no-opportunity jobs in . . . the peripheral labor market." Our misuse of schooling inflicts a heavy and arbitrary penalty upon them. If that burden causes bitter frustration, the escape from which takes the form of widening alienation and further social unrest, it will penalize all of us. The nation not only will lose the productive effort that the poorly schooled might have contributed but it may also have to pay the costs that they would inflict should they turn their unused, wasting talents to destructive ends.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 63: boats, boast, sabot.

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Education Letters

Continued from page 50

while climbing a rope, or riding a bicycle, or wrestling, for instance. I know a lot of kids who have push buttons on their asses that turn off their minds when they sit down.

ROBERT C. HAWLEY,
Amherst, Mass.

Still Looking for Dewey

AFTER READING the article "John Dewey Is Alive and Well in New England" by Richard H. and Susan T. de Lone [*SR*, Nov. 21], I cannot help but envy those that are learning there. As a fifth-grade teacher, it appears to me that in today's classrooms we never attain what we are trying to achieve because we go about it in a paradoxical manner. As an example, we insist that children hand in homework in order to learn responsibility. Who knows, maybe someday, somewhere, children at any level will be allowed to go to the bathroom without permission.

KENT HROMADKA,
Brookfield, Wis.

RICHARD AND SUSAN DE LONE have presented, in their small way, the basis of a major revolt in the heart of American schools. With the chaos taking place in many of our schools and with the projected troubles, the mere mention of John Dewey sends many of the sadly unprepared "educators" running.

I don't think the de Lones found John Dewey in New England. It seems that he has left a part of his academic shadow behind, and they have found its reflection. I fear that John Dewey, in essence, may never be found, but the de Lones certainly have presented an enjoyable account of an intriguing quest.

JOHN J. MAHONEY,
St. Augustine Preparatory School,
Richland, N.J.

Witch Watch

IN the SCHOOLS MAKE NEWS column [*SR*, Nov. 21] it was reported that the Washington, D.C., School Board reluctantly complied with a request from the House District Investigations Subcommittee and submitted a list of school employees who had attended Antioch College in Ohio. That item is not entirely correct.

The information was never submitted to the committee, because the Washington Teachers' Union obtained a temporary restraining order against the Board of Education in the U.S. District Court. Judge Oliver A. Gasch presided. During the interim before the full hearing on a permanent injunction, John McMillan, chairman of the House District Committee, withdrew the request for the names.

In the final order from Judge Gasch, the board was ordered not to submit the names on its own volition.

WILLIAM H. SIMONS,
President,
Washington Teachers' Union,
Washington, D.C.

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Books for Young People

Continued from page 32

The Changeling. *By Zilpha Keatley Snyder. Illustrated by Alton Raible. Atheneum.* 220 *pp.* $5.25. Ivy and Martha had met when they were seven. Ivy was the daughter of a family known to be shiftless and not especially honest; Martha was the plump, quiet, youngest child of the respectable Abbotts. In their private world of sustained imaginative play Ivy led and Martha willingly followed. But as the girls grew older and Martha became conscious that the other girls disliked Ivy, her loyalty wavered. And when Ivy was falsely accused of vandalism (by a classmate jealous of her dancing ability), the increasingly uncomfortable situation ended in Ivy's departure and Martha's realization of the catalytic role Ivy had played in her life. Though the finale is weak, the story is distinguished by its vivid characterization and sensitive writing. Ages 10-12.

Emma's Island. *By Honor Arundel. Hawthorn.* 149 *pp.* $4.95. In *The High House* [*SR*, July 20, 1968] Emma, a quiet and dependable thirteen-year-old, came to live with slapdash Aunt Patsy after she was orphaned. Here, Patsy and her husband move from Edinburgh to an island where they can start an art gallery, and again Emma is the mainstay of the household, especially after Patsy has a baby. But Emma is an adolescent, and she goes through moods of resentment, has feelings of inadequacy, and balks at the prospect of leaving the beloved island to continue her schooling. Enhancing the attractive setting and distinctive characters are the lively style and felicitous dialogue, which are particularly appealing. Ages 10-13.

Friedrich. *By Hans Peter Richter. Translated from the German by Edite Kroll. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 150 *pp.* $4.50. The narrator begins his story with his birth in 1925, when his parents lived in Herr Resch's apartment house and the Schneiders in the flat above them. Friedrich Schneider was just his age, and a beloved companion. But Friedrich can't join the *Jungvolk* and is sent to a school for Jews only, while the Schneiders are insulted, then reviled, then persecuted. Mrs. Schneider dies, her husband is taken prisoner, and Friedrich is forced to flee. They are good people, and their neighbors know it; but what can you do if you are a Party member and are told that the Jews are the curse and affliction of the Fatherland? The tragedy and terror suffered by German Jews are made more vivid by the simplicity and candor of a child's viewpoint and by the focus on one small, obscure family. Ages 10-14.

What You Should Know About Drugs. *By Charles W. Gorodetzky and Samuel T. Christian. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* 122 *pp.* $4.95. Written by two doctors on the staff of the National Institute of Mental Health's Addiction Research Center, this is a model of objective presentation, comprehensive and well organized. In separate chapters it discusses the medical uses, effects, and abuse of various kinds of drugs, closing with a succinct chapter entitled "It's Your Decision." A glossary includes slang terms. The writing is simple enough for young readers but also distinguished and informative enough to interest adults. Ages 10 up.

And One Was a Wooden Indian. *By Betty Baker. Macmillan.* 170 *pp.* $4.95. Of all The People, only Turtlehead wore a blanket, as the Mexicans did, claiming it gave him power. But then, he saw mystery and omens in everything. Hatilshay saw no omens, but he felt the majesty of the shaman, Turtlehead's uncle; and he walked

carefully in the Apache way. Therefore, when Turtlehead claimed that the white-eyes had caused his illness by making a statue of him, Hatilshay went to the white-eye camp to steal the image. The story, set in the Southwest in the late 1850s, has action, humor, fine characters, and, above all, a perceptive and empathic understanding of cultural conflict. Turtlehead is adamantly conservative; the shaman, a wise old man who sees in Hatilshay the open mind and thoughtful consideration that will enable the young man to assume, one day, the mantle of leadership. Ages 11-14.

Our Father! *By Pamela Sykes. Nelson.* 227 *pp.* $4.95. All four Devonish children are aware of Father's propensity for becoming entangled with charming ladies who flatter him; however, thirteen-year-old Phoebe, who tells the story, perceives that her mother bears this with serenity, knowing she has her husband's love. The Devonish family go to a small French resort for their yearly vacation, and find the inevitable charming lady, along with the equally inevitable adolescent boy who is smitten by Phoebe's older sister. They also endure a ghastly visit by their very proper British relatives. The plot is a twist of concurrent threads, but they mesh nicely. The writing has vitality and sophisticated humor, and the unorthodox, freewheeling family (including two distinctive younger children) is characterized by fierce affection. Ages 11-14.

Don't Smile Until Christmas. *Edited by Kevin Ryan. University of Chicago Press.* 190 *pp.* $5.95. Irresistible forces meet movable objects in six candid records kept by beginning high-school teachers, who found themselves unprepared for the realities of the classroom and, in some cases, the obduracy of the faculty against innovation. How does a white teacher cope in a black school? How does a new teacher achieve authority without becoming a martinet? How does a male teacher handle a coquette? How does one stir the apathetic? Quell the disorderly? Face one's own inadequacy? Provocative and perceptive, this book should be of particular interest to high-school students and prospective teachers. For young adults.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1915

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Perversely	5 10 32 43 20 53 63
B. Engages in active social life or pleasure seeking (2 wds.)	66 78 102 179 189 202 23 29 34 44 92 / 101 149
C. Brahman sage	153 158 171 174 176 188 196
D. Because of (2 wds.)	205 19 54 79 116 150 154
E. Having an uneven surface (comp.)	199 68 89 142 160 175 181 195 30
F. Worthless or disreputable element in society	42 67 76 129 138 148 209 134
G. Booth Tarkington's second Pulitzer Prize-winning novel (2 wds.)	135 36 12 59 77 103 22 38 83 93
H. Bunch pink (2 wds.)	120 126 137 152 190 48 71 74 108 113 122 / 206
I. Speaks noncommittally (3 wds.)	73 84 95 125 127 155 8 86 141 144 165
J. Snakes	172 119 145 164 15 109 49 180 186
K. "Cursed be he that ——— his neighbour's landmark." (Deut. 27:17)	200 207 61 82 97 105 106 115
L. "Thy bield should be my bosom,/——it a ' . . . ." (2 wds.; Burns, "O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast")	211 18 31 88 162 2 16

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Summer resort for Dublin, port for fishing boats and yachts	183 187 52 72 177
N. County town of Suffolk, England	192 121 143 185 118 204 151
O. Breathless (3 wds.)	169 191 87 123 11 96 110 112 139 159 47
P. Greek mythological prophet, blinded by Athena	55 166 45 62 69 75 9 81
Q. English king of Northumbria, d. 670	33 58 182 124 130
R. ——— Mountains: beautiful range of the Appalachians	21 60 136 1 161 184
S. Cravens (2 wds.)	157 201 132 46 64 70 99 107 194 198
T. Transcendental; morbidly spiritual	203 13 147 24 57 85 133 163 131 80 4 / 37
U. W. H. Auden's "Christmas Oratorio" (4 wds.)	39 208 117 94 173 3 17 51 104 98 26 / 178 210 168 65
V. Waiting till the end of; enduring (2 wds., sl.)	128 170 7 167 40 100 193 28 146 14 35
W. Drove out	27 91 56 140 114 111 90
X. Name of two kings of the Achaemenidae of Persia	6 41 50 25 156 197

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 R		2 L	3 U	4 T	5 A	6 X	7 V	8 I		9 P	10 A	11 O	12 G
13 T	14 V	15 J	16 L		17 U	18 L	19 D	20 A	21 R	22 G		23 B	24 T	25 X		26 U	27 W
28 V	29 B	30 E		31 L	32 A	33 Q	34 B	35 V	36 G	37 T		38 G	39 U	40 V	41 X	42 F	
43 A	44 B	45 P	46 S	47 O		48 H	49 J	50 X		51 U		52 M	53 A	54 D	55 P	56 W	57 T
58 Q		59 G	60 R	61 K	62 P		63 A	64 S		65 U	66 B	67 F	68 E	69 P		70 S	71 H
72 M	73 I		74 H	75 P	76 F	77 G		78 B	79 D	80 T		81 P	82 K	83 G	84 I		85 T
86 I	87 O		88 L	89 E	90 W		91 W	92 B	93 G	94 U		95 I	96 O	97 K	98 U	99 S	
100 V	101 B		102 B	103 G	104 U	105 K		106 K	107 S		108 H	109 J	110 O	111 W		112 O	113 H
114 W	115 K		116 D	117 U	118 N	119 J	120 H		121 N	122 H	123 O	124 Q	125 I		126 H	127 I	128 V
	129 F	130 Q	131 T	132 S		133 T	134 F		135 G	136 R	137 H	138 F	139 O	140 W	141 I	142 E	143 N
	144 I	145 J	146 V		147 T	148 F	149 B		150 D	151 N	152 H		153 C	154 D	155 I	156 X	157 S
	158 C	159 O	160 E		161 R	162 L	163 T	164 J	165 I	166 P	167 V	168 U	169 O		170 V	171 C	172 J
	173 U	174 C	175 E		176 C	177 M	178 U		179 B	180 J	181 E	182 Q	_	183 M	184 R	185 N	
186 J	187 M	188 C	189 B	190 H	191 O	192 N	193 V	194 S		195 E	196 C	197 X		198 S	199 E	200 K	201 S
	202 B	203 T		204 N	205 D	206 H	207 K		208 U	209 F		210 U	211 L				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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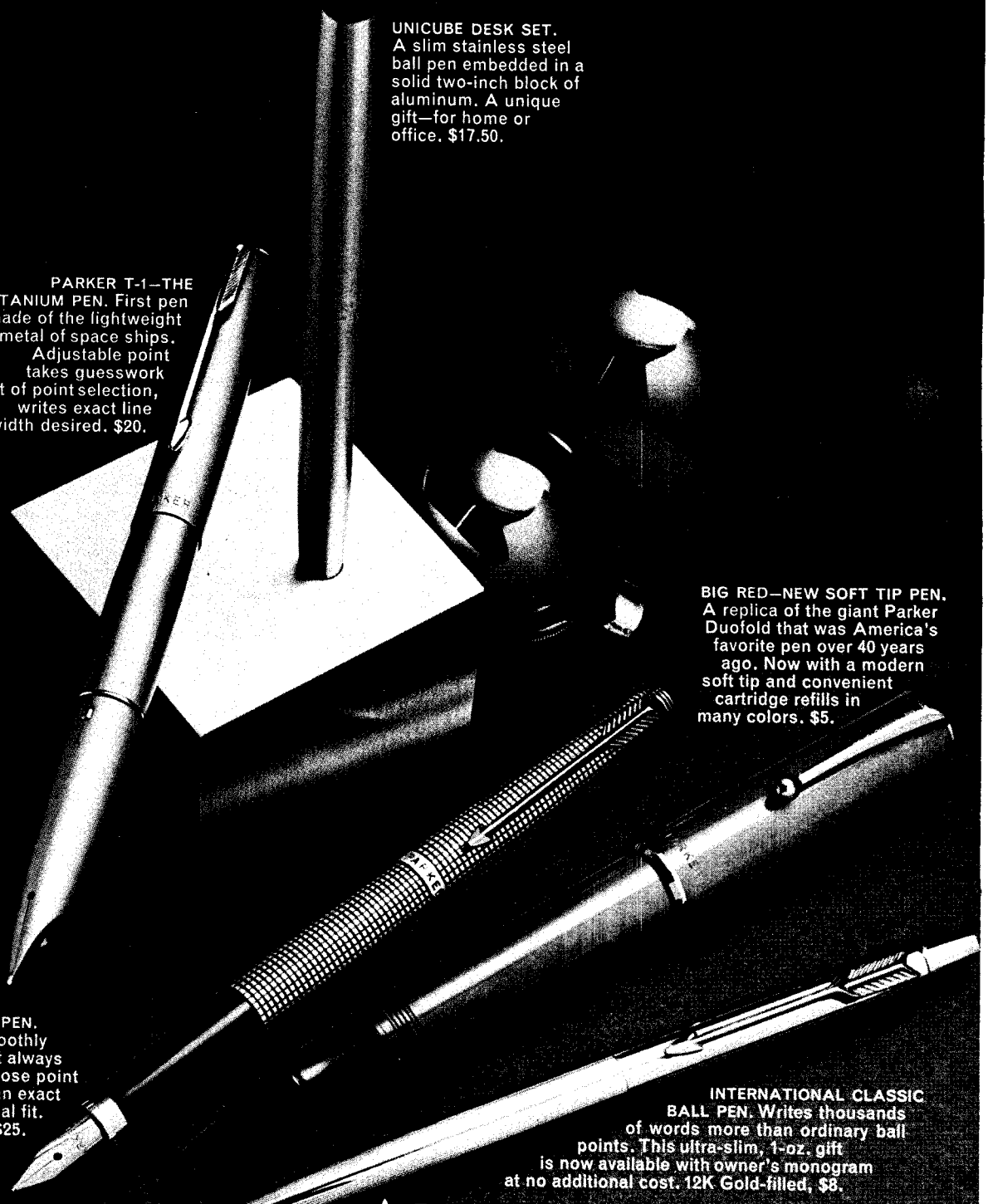

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